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AUG-9 1930

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1930 — NUMBER 52

Sherlock Holmes and After

CONAN DOYLE, whose death last week removed from the world of literature one of its most widely read romancers, was pre-eminently an example of a man who could not live down his youth. Until the very end, though he had expressly abjured him, he was known not as the exponent of spiritualist doctrine to which in later years he lent all the efforts of his pen, not as the author of so vigorous a historical tale as "Uncle Bernac," or so good a pseudo-scientific yarn as "The Lost World," both of which books his public promptly forgot, but as the creator of Sherlock Holmes. He himself might cast him out from his interest, but his readers not only held Holmes to their hearts but because of him developed a proclivity for his kind. It is no exaggeration to say that though the detective tale in modern form was born with Poe, and given enormous currency in foreign lands by Gaboriau, its present vogue is directly ascribable to Conan Doyle. It was his invention of the astute Holmes and his foil, Dr. Watson, which gave the stamp and pattern to the story of crime as it is written today, and which raised the detective tale from its lowly estate as the surreptitious dissipation of youth to its present position as the favorite diversion of noble minds.

The time, to be sure, was probably ripe for the rise to favor of the novel of crime and detection, for the force of circumstance was creating the necessity for a new literature of escape. The progress of discovery was rapidly turning the unknown world into the known, the advance of science was bringing within the realm of reality what had once been the bold imaginings of romance, and the motion picture was before long to convert the exotic and the strange into the familiar and the usual. The hard-pressed reader, panting to escape from the commonplace, was suddenly finding those fields to which in the past he could turn for relief, and where his imagination could roam at will, being closed in by the accumulations of knowledge. There remained for him, it would seem, but two domains in which fancy could still play unrestricted by the tyranny of facts,—one, the pastures of the soul, where possibility was as elastic as human nature, and the other the world of crime of which the abnormal and the melodramatic were the very basis and pivot of existence. Here in the naturalistic novel and the detective story the jaded mind could still find its escape from the humdrum of the familiar.

* * *

And the detective story was particularly the type of tale to which to turn for relaxation. For it demanded no largesse of spirit from the reader. By its very nature it threw emphasis on the factual rather than the emotional; it was more concerned with the commission of crime and with its legal punishment than with its repercussions in the mind or the soul. Its subject matter lay sufficiently within the realm of actuality to satisfy reason, and safely enough beyond the probability of personal experience to insure that interest rather than sensibility would be aroused by it. Whereas the complications of the naturalistic novel inevitably involved the feelings of the reader, since they escaped common experience by too little not to make them poignant, the complications of the detective story offered a challenge to ingenuity rather than to sympathy, to ratiocination rather than to reflection. Here was a literature that teased the imagination without playing upon the heartstrings, that was at its best when stripped of philosophical subtleties, and that could be counted on to arouse a state of tension that was the more agreeably exciting because it was vicarious.

Well, if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the mounting numbers of detective stories admit no doubt as to the popular liking for this type of fare. The public has discovered a truly voracious appetite for it, which as yet, despite the menace of increasingly poor books, gives no evidence of satiety. But is it certain that detective fiction can maintain its spell in the face of the crime stories of the daily newspapers? Is it not conceivable that the plots of real life will make dull those of literature, that racketeering and bootlegging and holdups will stale the interest in imaginary crime? What then will remain of the detective story? We should like to hazard that there will still remain "Sherlock Holmes."

Hill-Village Clock

By HELEN MCAFEE

CITY dials set their pace
By the beat of market-place
Timed in turn to forestall time
They count out with miser's chime,
Never granting days of grace.

On Fairford church the clock hands run
By nothing meaner than the sun.
At night with all the golden bees
Of the slow-swarming Pleiades
They swing between half-stroke and hour
Through arcs of unreported power
And hold intelligence with stars
Not yet aware of last year's wars—
Or what lost army won.

This Week

"Tepoztlán, a Mexican Village"
Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS.

"Portrait of a Chinese Lady"
Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART.

"The Autocracy of Mr. Parham"
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"The Triumphant Footman"
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"Years of Grace"
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Wooden Swords"
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

"Mary Gladstone"
Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

"Dutch Houses in the Hudson Valley"
Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD.

"Tale of a Vanished Land"
Reviewed by NICHOLAS SERGIEVSKY.

"Froude or Carlyle"
Reviewed by CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

Blythe Mountain, Vt.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

That Other Liberty
By JOHN CORBIN.

Mexico's Middletown*

By CARLETON BEALS

D. H. LAWRENCE viewed indigenous life in Mexico with fearsome wonder, mingled with irritation. Subtract the irritation, and Lawrence's approach has striking similarity to that of the Indian toward life itself. This perhaps explains why occasionally Lawrence piercingly penetrated native psychology, even though, like a good Briton, he stood so aloof from the Indian, considering him a two-legged creature walking down alien grooves of the universe, shrouded in an inexplicable mystery impenetrable by the white man.

Dr. Robert Redfield has chosen the realistic road of scientific research. Before writing a huge unknown "X" over the Indian and his ways, he has chosen to cut out the tangible coefficient from the equation. Know the Indian before you decide that he has metaphysical qualities different from our own. And so Redfield lived a year in the typical village of Tepoztlán. He lived in an adobe house, without ever converting it into an ivory tower, as Lawrence did in a similar abode. Redfield ate Mexican food. He and his wife dandled Aztec babies and listened to folk tales and loitered between the whispering *milpas*. He snooped around that out-of-way corner of the world, just as the Lynds snooped around Middletown, to dig up the exact facts about the way people live and play and pray and mate and earn their daily bread.

* * *

Some years ago, Dr. Manuel Gamio, the Mexican anthropologist, conducted a monumental scientific coöperative survey of the Valley of Teotihuacán, which set an imperishable landmark on Mexican sociological anthropology. Redfield's book is even more intensive and equally pioneering—the first modern, thorough investigation of a typical Mexican village. The bulk of Mexico's population is made up of village dwellers. In the village social complex revolve the basic Mexican problems. The village is the balance wheel of all Mexican phenomena. "Tepoztlán" is, therefore, of far greater importance for a proper understanding of Mexico than nearly all the books on political and institutional life which have appeared in English, though special attention should be called to Gruening's "Mexico and Its Heritage." "Tepoztlán" is worthy to be included among the best scientific works written on Mexico.

If at times the book drops to the level of mere cataloguing, and is not sufficiently fused through with imaginative insight, one at least has the pleasure of knowing that the facts are tempered, tested, and completely reliable. I have visited Tepoztlán many times; and the breathless charm of the place, its Titanic setting, its quiet yet dramatic and intense life, make it one of the most attractive villages in all Mexico. Redfield has ignored many of these physical charms and has vetoed all suggestion of romanticism. He has not permitted himself to be pulled out of focus by the picturesqueness of the place; and though, it seems to me, he might have gone further into the psychology and character of the people and could have illuminated his facts with a few more flowing narrative anecdotes without departing from the cold truth, his more sedate pace has avoided all pitfalls of customary unwarranted generalizations. The reader can tune most of these in for himself.

Perhaps it is profitless to compare "Tepoztlán" and "Middletown," yet the similar nature of the method of investigation invites this. In spite of

* TEPOZTLAN, A MEXICAN VILLAGE. By ROBERT REDFIELD. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1930. $3.

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the fact that one is a village of about four thousand and the other an industrial American city of over 35,000, in many ways the two centers of population enjoy a similar intermediate position in the relative scale of the two cultures. The investigators of Middletown sought out a small city, more or less complete in itself, not a satellite of a larger city, one which had emerged completely from rural life yet had not acquired the complexity of the larger metropolis complicated by race and immigration problems—in short a typical intermediary city. Tepoztlán is a typical intermediary Mexican village. Like Middletown, it has a tempered climate permitting "elaborate equilibrium of activities," being half way between the tropics and the plateau region, influenced by both yet not dominated by either. Not a satellite village, but rather a self-sufficient village which concentrates in itself the life of seven smaller villages. To know Tepoztlán is to know much of rural Mexico, and to know rural Mexico is to comprehend most of the entire country's racial and cultural conflicts. For Tepozlán is bi-lingual (Nahuatl and Spanish) and it is bi-cultural. It is trying to be itself and at the same time trying to be part of Mexico. This is the predicament of rural Mexico.

Tepoztlán has far older cultural roots than Middletown. The first recorded date concerning Tepoztlán—1487—is from the Codex Aubin Goupil, and the glyphs on its memorable pyramid temple correlate to read 1502, but the village probably existed centuries before its conquest by the elder Montezuma. The first settlement in the vicinity of Middletown occurred in 1820, more than three centuries later.

> Within the lifetime of . . . one man, local transportation has changed virtually from the "hoof and sail" methods in use in the time of Homer to that of modern conveyance. But no wheeled traffic has ever navigated Tepoztlán's steep streets. Yet, though Tepoztlán only has a few phonographs and sewing machines, and a small steam mill to set over against Middletown's throbbing factories, in many ways the village has the better of the bargain. Tepoztlán also has a library, on the shelves of which I found Plato's "Dialogues" and "Les Précieuses Ridicules" of Molière, but its cultural tradition does not depend but slightly on the outside world; the people "*traggono le parole dal cuore e non dai libri.*

* * *

at a bare yard . . . opens a sagging door and enters the living room of his home. From this room the whole house is visible—the kitchen table with table and floor swarming with flies and often strewn with breadcrusts, orange skins, torn paper, and lumps of coal and wood; the bedrooms, with soiled, heavy quilts falling off the beds." In Tepoztlán, the owner comes home from his own fields or the common lands, up a cobbled lane overshadowed by fruit trees, through a wall made of volcanic rubble, and enters the dirt-floor building, with its simple shrine and household saint, its handwoven straw mats for beds, its low benches, its vista of orchard and garden.

True, in Tepoztlán, many primitive tabus still survive. The place has more of a set geometric pattern than Middletown, a pattern such as intrigued Milhaud in his studies of the Greek world. Yet judging from the number of Middletownites who depend upon Dorothy Dix for sex and matrimonial advice, their ideas about hairy-chested Evolution, and their Main Street concepts of religion, the average northerner's intellectual originality is scarcely superior to that of provincial Tepoztlán. In its own way, Middletown is equally provincial, and though its inhabitants know more geography, by and large, they are but "traditions walking the street, not people. . . . Accumulations of desires and impulses taking the night air." Middletown, being more exposed to fluctuating materialism, has its accepted *mores* set by more scientific knowledge, just because it is enfolded in the accumulated material and scientific progress of the West. Middletownites are more adaptable, more practical, more mechanical; but in Tepotzlán, life is more beautiful.

In the north, religion is a drab duty or a repulsive proselytizing; in Tepoztlán it is part and parcel of life, interwoven with human sentiments and activities, with the flow of night and day, with the alternation of wet and dry seasons, with the crops and handicrafts. Each individual dimly feels himself a god, articulating dawns and sunsets. "As activities increase and as people vanish under the self-growing fungus of finance, industry, government, they develop a paradoxical vanity," rem[illegible]Hecht. But in Tepoztlán, life appears to c[illegible]ore to the old poem:

> . . . Let your manhood be
> Forgotten, your whole purpose seem
> The purpose of a simple tree,
> Rooted in a quiet dream. . . .

Tepoztlán has not denied the inner man. The Tepoztecan lives not for money or material improvement, but for the immediate intimate pleasures of the daily life struggle, a routine existence, shot through with dramatic religious festivals that lift him to starry godhead. Middletown, to a great extent, shuts out the deep spiritual experience of both these extremes.

You could not find people like this in Tepoztlán:

> The Rotary Club ate sociably without attention. Had they ever been really hungry, or thirsty, or past the point of mild discomfort? Or feared, or hated, or spent the last ounce of their courage or their strength on anything? Look at their faces. Oddly, they seemed all of one type. Fat or thin, old or young, one mark was on them all. Not dulness; not exactly; these were successful men. . . . Moderation—the keying down of all spiritual forces to the general level. What did they care about the feel of earth? They shut it out, fenced themselves in with houses, and played safe.

Take patriotism:

> MIDDLETOWN: This great country of ours—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the equator, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the hereafter—is American, thank God!
>
> TEPOZTLÁN: The patria is the patria chica, the mountain walled valleys of northern Morelos. In Adelita, the soldier sings:
>
> I'm a soldier of the revolution
> Who defends the soil where I was born,
> So as not to see it in the power of some foreigner,
> Some oppressor who is not of the country.

Both have human idols to worship.

> MIDDLETOWN: The Rotarian speaker declaims: "The lowly Nazarene who walked by the sea of Galilee was the first Rotarian, and the second great rotarian was that other man who probably did more for mankind than any other man who ever lived, Abraham Lincoln."
>
> TEPOZTLÁN: (The hero is Zapata and eloquence surges about him in much the same way):
>
> Zapata charged the forces of the south
> As chief and exalted savior;
> They preserve his memory tomorrow

> MIDDLETOWN: New habits not opposed by strong emotional resistance have apparently entered Middletown more readily than those confronted by the reverse situation. Thus the automobile was more quickly adopted . . . for delivering groceries than for use at funerals.
>
> TEPOZTLÁN: What survives is not a ritual system in its exuberant period, but a flat-toned generalized system of ceremonial which year by year is slowly becoming more generalized and more secular under the influence of modern city ways.

And though Redfield's book is scientific, is encyclopedic rather than poetic, one senses in his capable portrayal of Tepoztlán life, the tragic passing of a naïve, sweet, self-sufficient world caught between the grinders of two epochs. But fortunately Tepoztlán's isolation, its grand Titanic setting in the mountain cliffs of Morelos, will delay the inevitable process. It will still be a long time before Tepoztlán arrives at the banalities and efficiency and practicality and general prosperity of Middletown.

China's Good Woman

PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE LADY. By LADY HOSIE. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART
Author of "Pidgin Cargo"

FOR many years in western art and literature the Chinese have had the misfortune to be caricatured. Again and again they have been portrayed as bizarre or inhumanly evil or too-good-to-be-true, their culture surpassing every other culture in the world. This tendency to exaggerate both the physical and mental characteristics of the Chinese has kept the majority of the western world from seeing them as real folk. It has shrouded them in a certain unreality which has retarded interest in them. Just now, when the Chinese have telescoped into a few years social and economic changes which have been spread over a couple of centuries and even more in Europe and America, they would be profoundly interesting to everyone who has a scrap of interest in international matters if they could be seen as normal human beings.

Especially welcome, then, is this narrative of Lady Hosie's for with unerring instinct she seizes upon the normal qualities of the Chinese and with deft and sure strokes sketches them for us with no hint of caricature. As she says in her introduction, "Laughter and tears, pity and terror, family affections and friendship; these make the lot of our common humanity." It is with such materials that she paints her portrait. You have not left the Whangpoo and headed into the Yangtse River in the steamer in which the author starts you on your journey over China before you realize that China and the author understand one another.

As in casual fashion Lady Hosie takes you up and down China, back and forth across the centuries, she keeps ever before you the portrait of dainty Mrs. Sung, product of cosmopolitan Shanghai, mother of Little Cloud and Strong-as-a-Rock. Mrs. Sung with shingled black hair, wearing a high-collared tunic of apple-green figured silk, falling over a skirt of pleated crêpe-de-chine of the same color. "Mrs. Sung's sleeves were of diaphanous stuff through which her arms gleamed—an impossible revealing of them in the old days. But the material had been made less transparent by delicate lines of beads scattered beneath the green which sparkled like dew drops." Mrs. Sung, the modern, dancing in Peking off on a jaunt by herself, her husband and children in Shanghai.

Had the author a less discerning eye, a less sure hand, she might have left the picture at that. Not so Lady Hosie. She knew that would be only a partial portrait of Mrs. Sung, the daughter of one of China's old statesmen. A few sentences of conversation and we have revealed to us Mrs. Sung as a girl, the member of a complicated patriarchal family and all which that implies. Then again Mrs. Sung married, the mother of two children, determined to uphold the new social standard—one wife, no concubines.

Again Lady Hosie shifts her canvases and we have Mrs. Sung puzzled, not a little fearful of the political upheavals taking place in her country. "It is all very well telling stories like these to make our hearts big," Mrs. Sung says to Lady Hosie. "But just look what happens in our country! The very men who make one despair!" "I know how much she hoped I would contradict her," Lady Hosie adds. A most significant touch to the portrait of Mrs. Sung!

But the last glimpse of Mrs. Sung which the author gives us, as the first, is of Mrs. Sung, the devoted mother, in the silver dusk brushing with her lips the palm of sleepy Little Cloud, her daughter.

Very evidently what the author is bent on giving us is the portrait of China's Good Woman. To do this she marshals a cloud of witnesses to surround Mrs. Sung;—women teachers struggling to give the girls of China education and freedom, peasant women, her own kind but ignorant amah who helps her to eat a page of her primer so that she may become learned, the country women on the steamer, quiet and good but, as Mrs. Sung's amah rather scornfully informs her, with sores and vermin. The author draws her picture with honesty—China's women modern and medieval but good.

But Lady Hosie is not content with her picture of China's good woman. She must needs, also, draw China's good man. We have her own words for it. "Yet how should we divide the sexes like that? Impossible to do it. Women can only be tender and generous where men are valiant and gentle." So she draws such an incomparable little picture as that of the old couple from the country visiting one of the modern Chinese department stores in Shanghai, hand in hand the good old man with the good old woman. If you read no more than that one chapter you would have revealed to you the pathos and the humor and the tragedy of the China of to-day.

But still the author is not content. She is prodigal of her material. Another cloud of witnesses: professors, engineers, students—China's good men.

If perhaps, the chaos in China to-day resulting from the sudden upheaval in the social and economic world is not fully realized in her book, it is because Lady Hosie has used the torn fragments of the social fabric only as background. She saves her vivid colors for the portraits of China's good people.

Lady Hosie has drawn one more portrait, but quite unconsciously. As you read farther and farther in this absorbing book you get a very distinct picture of Lady Hosie herself and her deep humanity.

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Wells in Boisterous Mood

THE AUTOCRACY OF MR. PARHAM. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $1.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ZEST and exuberance and plentitude. And such years of them. How long *has* Wells been writing? Over a quarter century anyway. And never once in that long period has he lost his avid curiosity about the comings and goings and stayings of the strange little animal that thinks, however muddle-headedly. Both hope and interest seem to spring eternal in the Wellsian breast. What an outpouring of books there has been from this hope and interest,—the present volume has a By the Same Author list of fifty-two! Every time anything of importance has happened to man as man, Wells has had his novel on the subject ready almost before the facts were cold. And almost every time anything of importance happened to man as Wells, we have had the record before the chill set in.

Hugh Walpole, in speaking of Wells, once likened him to a man running through life at top speed and frantically jotting down notes as he ran, throwing the notes back to the men who came pantingly after and crying at the same time with tremendous enthusiasm, "Come on, come on, come on." This helter skelter, let-the-notes-fall-where-they-may, on-to-new adventures-and-to-new-ideas, atmosphere in the Wells novels cannot be denied; but if he who runs may write a little less seasonedly than he who sits and ponders upon running, well, the runner's notes gain at least as much as they lose by such impetuosity.

* * *

If one will forget what he once hoped Wells would do, and what he once thought Wells could do, and will accept instead what Wells actually does do, there is high entertainment to be had from "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham." The book is, of course, an indictment of war, of autocracy, of narrow nationalism, and several other contemporary idiosyncracies, but it is before all else a riotous and hilarious extravaganza dedicated to us of today and tomorrow in our unwisdom. The serious and sincere preoccupations which lie behind "The Autocracy" are kept strictly in the background while this master spoof is having its merry way. The fun gets the better of the malice all through. Wells himself is so charmed by the idiocy of his characters that he cannot be too concerned with their sins. They are the old ebullient characters of the days of "Mr. Polly" and "Tono Bungay," a little more heavily underscored perhaps but with the same living quality that refuses to be downed whatever the propaganda chores at hand.

The story opens in the present day with Mr. Parham, the fine flower of English culture, in an annoying predicament. Accustomed to sorting and arranging events and figures according to a well-defined philosophy of history he is at a loss to know what to do with the people and the happenings since 1919. "In the face of such things as happen today this trained historian felt like a skilled carver who was asked to cut up soup. Where were the bones? any bones?" The dream of Mr. Parham's life has been to edit a little review that will, in a refined and literary manner, save the world for autocracy. For such an undertaking he must have money and to get this he has attached himself to Sir Bussy Woodcock, "one of those crude plutocrats with whom men of commanding intelligence, if they have the slightest ambition to be more than lookers-on at the spectacle of life, are obliged to associate with nowadays." Mr. Parham gives a cultural quality to Sir Bussy's hospitality (at a luncheon, for instance, "he said things about Botticelli that a more mercenary man might have made into a little book and got forty or fifty pounds for"), and Sir Bussy gives to Mr. Parham the constant hope that some day he may have a periodical of his own. This friendship goes on for years, in spite of the disconcerting and continual "Gaws" with which Sir Bussy keeps up his end of a conversation, until, in fact, they go to a certain spiritualistic séance.

At the séance the usual rather seedy medium succeeds in materializing a goodly bit of ectoplasm which turns out to be a Master Spirit from Mars. Even in his excitement Mr. Parham remains true to his training and counts up the number of people present. Ah, one is missing. He identifies each in turn, and is stunned to discover that the missing one is,—himself! The Master Spirit has incorporated him. And Parham has become Lord Paramount, Dictator of England; the story plunges into the future with statesmanship, diplomacy, war, and all the rest of it travestied with Gargantuan enthusiasm and enjoyment. You won't have any difficulty in recognizing Paramuzzi (and neither will he) under whom saluting was carried to higher levels than ever before in Italy, and a score of other figures whose pastime it is to juggle men and ammunition the better to blow one another up with. There is something of the "War of the Worlds" and "The Time Machine" here but they lacked the boisterous humor that makes "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" a delight as well as a warning.

"My Dear Alphonse"

THE TRIUMPHANT FOOTMAN. By EDITH OLIVIER. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS EDITH OLIVIER has now produced three books. The first, "The Love Child," was a fantasy that had the fragility of a bubble, and that like a bubble had a tenuous loveliness. The second, "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's," was a study of personality under duress, restricted in scope but within its limits understanding and revealing, a book the acridity of whose theme was tempered by its compassionate outlook on life. This third, "The Triumphant Footman," which its author entitles "a farcial fable," is an extravaganza as entertaining as it is gay. It is the first of Miss Olivier's tales—and we admire them all—which seems to us to hold promise of popular success, and it marks its author as a writer of versatility as well as skill.

Jacket Illustration for "The Triumphant Footman"

What in Miss Olivier's earlier books was a delicate and at times satirical wit in "The Triumphant Footman" assumes a more hilarious character. From first to last of the experiences of the footman who so successfully impersonates the noted director of a Spanish museum that he can with impunity turn the police on the trail of the impostor, and in the end almost falls victim to the identity he has assumed, the highest of high spirits prevail. Miss Olivier's readiness of invention carries her Alphonse from one ingenious situation to another, until by deceit he has risen from a footman in the employ of a vain and silly little woman and her stupid and good-natured husband to the dignity of a stolen French title, a comfortable English estate, and a well-born English wife.

The fertility of Miss Olivier's fancy, the choice of her incident, and the rollicking nature of her complications were a surprise to us, doubly so because they were hers and because they seemed to us of a type more natural to the masculine novelist than to the feminine. It is rarely that the woman writer concerns herself with picaresque episode, and certainly rarely that she handles it with deftness and ease. But "The Triumphant Footman" wears its roguery with no sense of unfitness, and proceeds through its entanglements with most satisfactory cleverness. It is an amusing book, an ingenious book, and a delightfully gay book.

But it is more than that. It is also a witty book, and a book that under its light-hearted foolery manages to carry a core of the serious. Miss Olivier has, in common with Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner, the gift of simple but penetrating satire, and when she transfixes a character on the shafts of her never ill-natured ridicule she, like Miss Warner, puts us in mind of Jane Austen. Not that we would bracket either of these authors with their illustrious predecessor but merely that we would convey that like her they are diverted by the traits and foibles of human nature, and like her reveal them with fidelity and animation through the medium of a disarmingly simple and limpid style. There is some admirable characterization in "The Triumphant Footman," achieved by the art that conceals art, and there is an inevitability to speech and small incident that is excellent. Miss Olivier is certainly an author to watch with lively interest and already to admire. And "The Triumphant Footman" is a book to read if you want a good time.

The Story of a Lady

YEARS OF GRACE. By MARGARET AYER BARNES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is the life story of a lady. She and Chicago are young together in the 'eighties and 'nineties, now a very popular period among novelists. Jane Ward grows up decorously, as becomes a daughter of one of the leading families of the city. Her position demands certain sacrifices, which she makes at once: she allows herself to be separated from her first love, because they are both too young and he is an irresponsible painter; later, after her suitable marriage, she absolutely refuses an ardent suitor whom she loves. Meanwhile Chicago has been growing up too, not at all decorously; and Jane's children take as a matter of course the things which she as a matter of course renounced. When she comes to balance the books of her life, married to a husband for whom she feels great affection, living in an assured position, respected by others and herself—she finds herself as happy as most women. She can only wonder whether or not her children will be happier.

For Mrs. Barnes refuses to avail herself of the novelist's power to supply a factitious demonstration of any desired thesis: she might have shown the children's freedom triumphantly justified, or she might have overwhelmed them with disaster, in the manner of the improbable proofs tha[illegible] "This Freedom"; but she will have none [illegible] conclusions. Throughout she writes [illegible] ence between Jane and her daughter scrupulous, almost a self-conscious fairness. One may easily guess which side she would take, but she allows herself only the personal esthetic judgment implicit in the title, that Jane's conduct is to her taste more becoming than Cicily's, as she might pronounce the fox-trot less graceful than the waltz. Beyond this, to any decision on the ground of morality or even of ultimate happiness she will not go.

This suspension of judgment is the strength and weakness of the novel's close. One admires the freedom from prejudice, but one feels a little disappointed of a conclusion. The inconclusiveness is increased by the fact that Mrs. Barnes has not made her heroine a person of great depth or warmth, and a book which is essentially the story of emotions sacrificed to propriety demands these qualities in its protagonist. Because the passions are to be stifled, they must be all the stronger if (as in "The Age of Innocence" and "O Genteel Lady") they are to be communicated. To Jane, one feels, obeying her parents and remaining with her husband were after all the line of least resistance. This long story of a lady has everywhere a fineness suited to its subject, but it has also the weakness that must belong to anything that is drawn too fine.

The War Once More

WOODEN SWORDS. By JACQUES DEVAL. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THIS translation from the French represents something of a return to the earlier manner of war books. During the brave days of 1914-18 war books were, in the main, amusing: war as depicted by its articulate participants was on the whole rather a jolly, sporting business interspersed with occasional tragic or pathetic episodes, always touched with the heroic. Then came the reaction typified by "What Price Glory?" and the John Dos Passos type of war story, in which soldiers were generally bestial but rarely good-humored. The more recent flood of books and plays, which have concentrated on [illegible]an tragedy and comedy of the

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war, undoubtedly gives a fairer total picture than either of the earlier types.

Somehow it seems like turning back the clock to revive the almost purely humorous war story, and one is not quite convinced of the authenticity of Jacques Deval's adventures as a myopic member of the Service of Supplies. It all happened a long time ago and the episodes lack the freshness and spontaneity of, for example, André Maurois's Colonel Bramble stories. Nevertheless, "Wooden Swords" is readable enough and some of its incidents will call forth quiet chuckles from those who remember the "wrangling" and graft that went on in every army in the securing of "cushy" jobs.

A Fish in the Victorian Pond

MARY GLADSTONE: HER DIARIES AND LETTERS. Edited by LUCY MASTERMAN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $6.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

ONE evening, after dinner, Tennyson called Gladstone's daughter Mary "a wild-eyed thing." To the reader of her journal the phrase stands out. We turn it over. Will it do? Tennyson apparently was sure it would, for we find him again speaking of her "great wild eyes." We try to gather up our own impressions of the girl. They have been cut across by Lord Tennyson's observation.

We have gathered that she had an extraordinary capacity for friendship and for being with people, that she loved music passionately, that she was sincerely religious, that she was outspoken and amusing, and, above all, we see her, as the book goes on, being increasingly rushed here and there,—borne along on the torrent of Mr. Gladstone's public life.

She had that markedly feminine quality (or defect) of taking things as she found them. Like so many women she just made use of what she found in so far as she could,—she used the current and let its way be her way. But all this she seemed to do without really asking herself whether the forces and circumstances to which she was subject were inevitable or agreeable.

What forces they were! What circumstances! There were very few who could withstand the grand flood of successful Victorian England, and to ask the daughter of Mr. Gladstone to do so, would almost be to ask her to do the impossible,—and indeed perhaps the unnecessary.

"Awful news of the Czar's assassination and death," she writes. She did not ask herself whether the life of the Czar had perhaps also been "awful," or whether the state of Russia had been "awful." She just knew, as everyone did, that it was "awful" that he should be assassinated. Not that she did not generally notice public events, not indeed that she did not criticize them. Here is a typical entry:

> To the house of Commons at eleven, arriving for poor Mr. Bourke's exceedingly dull speech, to which nobody whatever listened. Lord Hartington followed with extraordinary effect. Came away when Sir Stafford rose about two; the division gave us 120 majority which was really splendid.

She could criticize the great lions.

> Mr. Brookfield went away, also Browning—of the latter I have got tired—the others I was sorry to lose . . . a long dreary walk with Carlyle, at a funeral pace, and a gentle uninterrupted flow of his low measured tones . . .

But she could enjoy all kinds of things as well as criticize them.

> March 29 . . . Sir R. (Blennerhassett) asked whether Luther or Calvin had had greatest influence. W. E. G. said the former in action, the latter in thought. Luncheon in London, and presently Mama arrived. Spencer offered me a play of any kind, and we went to Fidelio, Carl Rosa's company, most excellent performance considering all things. Marie Roze not up to it, or Floristan or Rous, but the band was capital, and enjoyed it enormously . . .
>
> March 31—Lovely warm weather . . . to Crystal Palace, gorgeous Schumann Symphony in C, the Scherzo a very big movement and quite entrancing. Sarasate did wonderful antics on the violin. The heat stifling. Saw Blondin after on the high rope. Dine with Maggie, picking up Alfred, and meeting Lionel Tennysons and Mr. Holland. Great jabber and great success.
>
> April 2—Parents back from Sandringham, having greatly liked it. Princess of Wales tucked Mama up in bed . . .

That was in 1883, when Mary was thirty-three years old. The same note of energy (and is it acquiescence?) had characterized her at twenty-four.

> August 10—Played three hours morning and two afternoon, mostly Beethoven's trios for P. F. and two vios. In the slow bits we made a grand effect, but wherever the music went out of a walk there was certain failure. They are beautiful music and it was great enjoyment and very exciting reading them all, tho' perhaps rather tiring. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Strutt were the performers on the "infernals." A ride at 5.30 after tea, with Nora (Balfour), Mr. R. Strutt, and Mr. B(alfour); enjoyed it, down in the glens, lovely park and a splendid gallop home on the grass, Mr. B. singing "How vain is man." A singing practice of hymns after, and then dinner, between Frank Balfour and a clergyman. I delight in the brothers. A good deal of music, as usual rather comical. Played some duets with Mr. Strutt and Mr. B on the I(nfernal).
>
> August 11—Cooler, sun mostly hidden. Played duets all morning, first with Mr. R. Strutt and then with Mr. Balfour. "How vain is man" went splendidly, and the Te *Deum bass solos wh. certainly are perfect. Also Verdi* prate . . . At 3 off in two open carriages to the sea shore for a picnic, seven miles off. In the brake were Agnes, Nora, and Alice Balfour, Arthur and Gerald Balfour and me—sang glees the whole way, great fun. The meal a triumphant success, specially the fire, and afterwards building a sand castle at wh. we all worked like ants, and made the "Sea look a fool." It was amusing to see the gravity and earnestness of them all over the designing of it, and their arguments about the fortifications. Stopped till 9:30 and drove home in the dark, talking to Frank Balfour. Saw a star fall out of the clouds. Supper at 10, after which Mr. Balfour and I played.

There is something radiant in the picture, surely the others would not have been so gay, the charm would not have worked so if Mary had not been there? When she married she was put to it to explain her conduct because there were five or six who considered that she was dedicated to them "in a sort of sacramental friendship." "I'm afraid it must be rather horrid for them," she exclaims.

But her marriage seems in a sense to be rather tucked away. In the phrase of the period Mr. Gladstone gained a son rather than lost a daughter.

Mary and her husband go to hear Mr. Gladstone introduce the Home Rule Bill.

> To Downing St. at 3:30. Excitement rather its highest pitch as we threaded the waiting crowds, and I found Helen, Agnes and Mama all more or less quaking. Edward L(yttleton) was in the little blue room, and we all went together to Palace Yard to see the reception outside the House. The rain came down in torrents, but above the storm and above the roar of London, thrilled the cheers, all the way from Downing St. we heard them, and we stared and stared as if we had never seen him before, or as if he wd. look quite different, and then we flew up the 200 steps to the gallery and saw the splendid reception there. The starting to their feet of the M.P.'s, the wonderful cheers. Every spot was covered. The floor had seats up to the table like the free seats in a church—the air tingled with excitement and emotion, and when he began his speech we wondered to see that it was really the same familiar face—familiar voice. For three hours and one-half he spoke—the most quiet earnest pleading, explaining, analyzing, showing a mastery of detail and a grip and grasp such as has never been surpassed. Not a sound was heard, not a cough even, only cheers breaking out here and there—a tremendous feat at his age. His voice never failed—"

And what does the discreet and intelligent editor of the memoirs—Mrs. Masterman—think of Mary? Mrs. Masterman sums it up in the motion that she was "bigger than the life she was called upon to lead," that it was waste that her mind should have been so little trained, and that never in her life should she have had the chance of doing more than pull the strings and "manage" her acquaintance.

Few women could read the memoirs without sharing to some extent in Mrs. Masterman's views. It was not good for Mary Gladstone to have everything at second hand, it was a shame that all that enthusiasm and all those hours spent in the House of Commons (behind the grille that hid the ladies' gallery) could never be rewarded and checked by direct action, and direct responsibility.

But most readers when they take up the book will probably do so with a view to finding out more about the fabulous Victorian Age in England. "Who do you suppose knows most about the Lake of Geneva," Ruskin once asked a critic, "I, or the fish in it?" Mary Gladstone is the fish. But is it as certain as Ruskin supposed that detached, geographic, scientific "human" knowledge is superior?

There are pretty shoals, delicate reflections, feathery water weeds, cool refreshments, known to the fish, refinements that Ruskin never found. *"Ach wüstest du wie's Fishlein ist, so wolling auf den Grund! . . ."* Through the sensations of this particular fish, we superior moderns can learn things about the Victorian Age that we cannot know of ourselves, nor can we learn them from those who, like Ruskin, Carlyle, or even Browning, protested against their epoch, or who like Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone himself, were too big to be utterly contained in it.

Hudson Valley Houses

DUTCH HOUSES IN THE HUDSON VALLEY BEFORE 1776. By HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1929. $15.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD

WHAT Miss Reynolds's book will be for Hudson Valley people I cannot say, for I myself am dyed-in-the-wool Vermont, with no slightest personal or family connection with the region the houses of which she describes. But I can affirm that to the rank outsider I am, it brought a mixture of surprise, delight, and envy.

Surprise because some experience of such purely local histories has not led me to expect the delicate, accurate, truth-telling which is Miss Reynolds's habit. I don't mean that local historians consciously tell lies. But as a rule their affectionate partisanship for their own region makes them amusingly uncritical in accepting local tradition, which is always full of the natural human conviction that this corner of the country was the most important, delightful, interesting, and civilized existing in that period. As a rule historians who limit their writings to the details of one section have simply too little information about the whole scene to keep a proper perspective. Miss Reynolds (judging from her book) is glowing with this delightful regional loyalty which alone can make regional history interesting; but there is nothing of the old-wives-tale about her account of the Hudson Valley Dutch houses.

Exactly because she feels an affectionate affinity for seventeenth and eighteenth century old times in the Hudson Valley, she sees no reason for dressing up those times in more elegant costumes than were really there. Their actual appearance and essence seems guite good enough to her.

The aim of the book is to give a description of old Hudson Valley Houses as they were and are. It sounds—doesn't it?—like one of those deadly monographs on detail, along the lines of "Account of door-knockers in Essex County from 1750 to 1760?" And it is honestly just what its title promises, an accurate account of the kind of dwellings erected by the Hudson Valley people before the Revolution full, complete, detailed as any history of door-knockers. But it will not stay on the library shelf to gather dust along with other histories of details, for Miss Reynolds has understood what the reader begins to understand as he advances in her book, that the history of the human habitations in any region casts much authentic, first-hand light on the people who built them. As honestly self-revelatory as diaries, are the houses of a people.

No, far more honestly self-disclosing. Hudson Valley folk left behind them in their homes a complete statement of what kind of people they were, which Miss Reynolds interprets for us. For instance, I am not in the least interested, for their own sake, in what kind of iron work (hinges and the like) the Hudson Valley colonials had, and I would have said that nothing on earth could have bored me more than to read about them. But in her account of the iron fixtures of her region Miss Reynolds has given me an explanation of certain facts in colonial life which had always puzzled me, and has shown me in that eighteenth century life unguessed-at roots of our twentieth century developments. And her description of the difference in general moral tone between those sections which were freehold and those which were not, explains certain phases of European history of that century more clearly than anything that happened or could have happened in Europe.

I could only wish that my own Vermont possessed so scholarly, devoted, and accurate a historian.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 52.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Old Russia

TALE OF A VANISHED LAND. Memories of a Childhood in Old Russia. By HARRY E. BURROUGHS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by NICHOLAS SERGIEVSKY

THE author of this book, now a prominent man in the business and philanthropical world of Boston, was born in Kashoffka, a little Jewish town in old Volhynia which, cut off from the rest of the world by immense pine forests, had preserved through centuries a civilization suggestive of Biblical times.

The central place in the book is held by the drama which develops in the author's family and symbolizes the struggle between the old world and the new, represented respectively by the old-fashioned godly charitable mother and by the father, a thoroughly practical and shrewd business man, who acquired his knowledge of newer civilization in America, where he stayed for a few years making money. In the background swarms the life of the Kashoffka people: orthodox Jews severely austere in their private and religious life, followers of the Chassidim sect with rites full of marvelous mirth, and peasants of the Volhynia district with their peculiar ways of living.

The general impression prevailing in this country that most of the Jewish immigrants from Russia began life in squalor and oppression is not justified in the case of Mr. Burroughs. His family was the wealthiest among the fifty in Kashoffka and his childhood, at least during the period of his father's stay in America, was what he himself calls idyllic. It brought him, to use his own words, an awareness of the harmony of nature and the feeling that all people, Jewish and Christian alike, were at peace with one another. Mingled with these impressions was the love and solicitude of his godly mother, called by Jews and Gentiles alike "Hanna the Saint," who reared her favorite child with excessive tenderness, choosing for him the most dignified career the Jewish community offered, that of a rabbi.

The father's return from America wrought tremendous changes in the family and threw the stagnant little town into a whirlwind of commercial and worldly activity. Plans and ideas brought from abroad were quickly put into execution. The first mills, although primitive, appeared, poisoning the balmy country air. Various kinds of speculation followed. The father built a residence, palatial in comparison with other houses, which became a place of boisterous activities, turned on Saturday nights into a private bank where loans were given cheerfully and debts collected rigidly. Lawsuits ensued in the courts of distant cities,—a startling innovation for the townsfolk, who never knew before what court or government officials were. The antagonism of the local peasants grew until they finally wreaked vengeance on Kashoffka's restless civilizer, tying him by the hands to the back of an ox-cart and dragging him about a field.

His father's dominating personality completely revolutionized the little boy's outlook on life. In spite of his youth he became his father's eager helper in transacting money affairs. To his mother's sorrow the father put an end to the boy's rabbinical studies, arousing the wrath of the orthodox community and causing a bloody tumult in the synagogue.

The mother, transplanted from humble quiet to a palatial bedlam filled with noisy harangues about deals, plans, and lawsuits, failed in health and died, bewailed by the whole Jewish and Christian community. Before death, she cheerfully allowed her husband to transfer half of her numerous "mitzvahs" (marks carried in the other world to the credit of a pious Jew for his good deeds) to his account, in which "avairahs" (marks for evil deeds) evidently prevailed.

Soon after his wife's death the hustler of Kashoffka married a young girl, handsome, but selfish and quarrelsome. Disgusted by family rows and badly abused by his father, the boy, then about thirteen, ran away to Sebastopol, where he worked for two years in a brush factory. Later he escaped to America and landed in Boston penniless, to become eventually a lawyer, business man, and philanthropist, best known for the establishment of the Newsboys' Foundation which bears his name. His impression about his life and work in Sebastopol, about the pogroms which he twice witnessed, and about the awakening of the revolutionary spirit in the Russian working people, are recorded in the latter part of the book.

The "Tale of a Vanished Land" depicts the unusual life experience of a typical self-made American immigrant and portrays with considerable skill many types of people and pictures of life in the little town of Kashoffka, which the great war swept completely from the surface of the globe. In spite of the rather monotonous way in which this voluminous book is written and in spite of its lengthy descriptions and sketches following one another without system, it should be read with interest, especially by persons of Jewish extraction.

The book is illustrated with woodcuts by Howard Simon.

A Defense of Froude

FROUDE AND CARLYLE. By WALDO H. DUNN. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD

ONLY a courageous spirit would dare grapple with the notorious "Froude-Carlyle controversy"—that long, intricate, and explosive literary feud which began in 1881 and which has never received a judicial examination. Professor Dunn, however, displays not only the necessary courage but also the requisite delicacy of judgment for stating the issues and offering a verdict, which, in the light of the documents presented, the reader may reject or confirm. Though Carlyle's reputation as a writer has suffered for several decades that eclipse to which a prophet's fame is peculiarly susceptible, there has been nevertheless a small group of readers whose interest in the controversy has never flagged. Admiring the literary powers of Froude, they have perhaps wistfully wondered when the violence of Froude's enemies would give way to a more impersonal estimate of the harm done to the reputation of the Carlyles by what, for the want of a better term describing Froude's errors, they have denominated "Froudacities." Until the present, however, no one has seemed sufficiently to possess the qualities of a champion to enable him to front the assailants of Froude and redeem Carlyle's biographer and editor from a distressing stigma. It has remained for Professor Dunn to present for the first time, in "Froude and Carlyle," a careful statement of the controversy as a whole, a collection of the necessary and available materials, an examination of the nature of the evidence adduced by Froude's enemies, a vindication of Froude in the light of his difficulties and shortcomings, and a verdict that "Froude is right in tendency all the while, and entirely right in the end."

* * *

The full significance of this verdict can be felt only by those familiar with the virulence of the controversy. Carlyle's contemporaries, especially his followers, refused to believe that Froude had published only those papers which Carlyle in 1871 and 1873 had requested him to edit; and they were infuriated when they found in the biography the portrait of a man unlike their conception of "the Sage of Chelsea." In the biography and in Froude's edition of the "Reminiscences" and of "The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," there was the steady implication that Carlyle's marriage was fundamentally, and in certain ways disastrously, unsuccessful, and that the greater victim of the misalliance was Mrs. Carlyle. The dominant tone of the biography is sombre. The shadow of tragedy hangs over the long, brilliant, bitter life in Cheyne Row. Only the iron wills of two such typically Victorian characters kept the reality from bursting upon public notice. Beneath the outwardly calm and genial surface of their married life there lay, according to Froude, the ghost of a passionate love which Mrs. Carlyle had once felt for Edward Irving. Beneath Mrs. Carlyle's ill health, which ended only upon her death in 1866, there lay causes traceable to the rigorous demands upon her strength at Craigenputtock. To add to the ordeal of living with a man who, according to his mother, was "gey ill to deal with," Mrs. Carlyle at one time had cause to resent her husband's inordinate attentions to their friend, Lady Ashburton. In spite of the hilarity, the witty repartee, and the affectionate correspondence between Carlyle and his wife, there was a profound and devastating discord. In the 1880's it had not yet become the fashion to paint so shocking a picture of a "great man"; and it was certainly not a period calculated to accept quietly Froude's posthumous pamphlet, "My Relations with Carlyle," which attributed Carlyle's failure as a husband to sexual incompetence. The whole biography struck most Carlyleans as falsely colored, grossly distorted, and basely disloyal to the trust which Carlyle had placed in Froude. What made the work even more malicious in the eyes of Carlyleans was its persuasive grace, its mild and delicious suavity, its admirable totality of effect. It compelled at least a momentary belief. The wrath thus kindled was fanned into flame by the opinions of historians who, having already discovered Froude's historical delinquencies, had coined the expression "Froude's disease" to designate "a congenital incapacity for truth of statement." Neither side of the controversy was appeased, however, by Lord Acton's impartial remark: "Froude will be a worthy biographer for so unscrupulous a hero."

* * *

Not only was the controversy virulent; it was bewildering in its web of fact and prejudice, document and oral evidence. It is thus to Professor Dunn's credit that he has isolated the story of how Froude at the age of fifty-three reluctantly undertook the charge which Carlyle placed upon him as a "kind, considerate, and ever-faithful friend": how Carlyle's niece, Mary, who in 1879 married her cousin Alexander, at once began her long and relentless effort to prevent Froude's use of the materials for the biography and the "Reminiscences"; how through Carlyle's vacillations, Froude had a written injunction to burn some of the papers and a later oral request to proceed with the work. It is impossible in a limited space to mention all the phases which the controversy took as it was gradually complicated by the participation of Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Charles Eliot Norton, Sir James Crichton-Browne, and Mr. David Wilson. But it becomes clear, as one reads "Froude and Carlyle," that not even Herbert Paul's admirable "Life of Froude" has provided so adequate a statement of Froude's case. The author makes no attempt, however, to salvage Froude entire; he lists, for example, on pages 229 and 230, a number of errors representative of Froude's proof reading. He also points out the advanced age at which Froude complied with Carlyle's request. He reveals him as "an old-fashioned country-gentleman scholar, who worke[illegible] manner of the eighteenth century." [illegible] that when Carlyle died he "had be[illegible] quainted with Froude for more tha[illegible] And he shows that Froude was temperamentally averse to replying to attacks, generally ignoring the fury of his enemies. It is such new and illuminating light upon the whole problem that Professor Dunn has sought to give.

The greatest value of "Froude and Carlyle," however, lies perhaps in another direction. Not all readers will agree with Professor Dunn's conclusions; the exasperating nature of the controversy lies in the distressing degree to which opinion forms the basis for argument. Not even the author's admirable array of evidence and argument can produce unanimity among all Carlyleans, since the task of interpreting the evidence and testing the arguments remains virtually what it was in the '80's. Much of the testimony comes from members of the Carlyle family, and thus has at once the authority of personal witnesses and the weakness of prejudiced partisans. In addition, Carlyle has been championed by enthusiasts who knew little of his private life and less of the art of argument. Though the statement would doubtless be challenged, I think this might be said of Charles Eliot Norton, and certainly it must be said of Mr. David Wilson, whose biography of Carlyle, still coming from the press, is avowedly a gigantic piece of propaganda. The great value, therefore, of Professor Dunn's book may strike many readers as resting less on its dexterous defense of Froude than on three other services which it performs: it isolates and presents the opposite testimony; it reveals the unreliable nature of the evidence and argument of Froude's enemies; and it points out the next great tasks necessary for bringing the controversy permanently to an end. It is the suggestion of a future task which will interest both the scholar and that small public which still finds something vital and curiously magnetic about Carlyle's personality and work. It means that disinterested scholars may eventually give us a revised edition of Froude's "Thomas Carlyle" and definitive editions of the "Reminiscences" and all the letters. It means also that we may some day enjoy the sombre beauty of Froude's portrait of Carlyle without the disturbing prominence of numerous minor errors in brush work—to regard it, finally, as Froude himself regarded it, as a "Rembrandt picture" of a great man.

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The Bowling Green

Blythe Mountain, Vt.

MUCH is to be learned by putting the family into the car and going off at random. Our only instruction was that of the skipper on the last page of Conrad's *The Rescue*—"Steer north." The children, raised on Long Island, had never seen a mountain. We set out to find some.

And it's rather a sad confession, but it was twenty years since I had set foot on Vermont earth. In these years between I have seen and loved mountains in Scotland, in Germany, in Burgundy, in Switzerland; and all that while the good hills of Vermont were there so near at hand. Perhaps only those who have lived so long, so incredibly long, on scrub and seashore, can guess what a mountain does to the mind. I know what one of the children meant when she exclaimed "I shall never be satisfied with Long Island again." The French have a phrase about using beauty to "rincer les yeux," to wash the eyes. Perhaps years and miles away those children will be able to cleanse their perceptions by remembering their first glimpse of great hillsides, of rocky pastures, of quick brown streams glittering downward, strands of water tressed and braided like a woman's hair.

Vermont, which even as a boy I intuitively felt to be different from most States, has her own way of sending out influence. I had been re-reading *Stowe Notes*, that quiet book of exquisite mountain memoranda and pictures by Edward Martin Taber —a book I so often heard a friend speak of, and long thought its title was *Stone Oats;* and then one day in a hot-dog station on the Long Island Motor Parkway I saw a chance photo-postcard of a small Vermont lake—a lake I had never heard of. So Vermont sap was working up the fibres of my mind. The family thought we were bound for "Connecticut," which, to the children, has always been a generic term for New England at large. Connecticut is the Long Islander's sky-line, and comes to mean everything that is blue and far. But I knew that once we got Diana's wheels across the Sound she wouldn't turn back until she had smelt a Vermont morning.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

To make a trip perfect you need the simplicity of the very lowly, who are gratified with whatever they find. Certainly all was fair and good. Humanity's noble habit of zooming in thousands along the main roads left us the byways almost to ourselves. Even on the morning of a Fourth of July there were only half a dozen cars crossing on the early ferry from Port Jeff, and only a few minutes out of Bridgeport we were in a foreign land. Stone fences, fields of black-eyed susan, and courses of water are all remarkable to Long Island eyes. Having started without careful preparation the expedition was provided with a somewhat inadequate map, which was very dubious viaticum off the main routes. But Diana found herself on what seemed to be called the Sunny Ridge Road, which led past great masses of rambler roses towards Newtown. There was excitement among the young passengers as to how soon a mountain would be seen. Is that a hill, or is it a mountain? was the constant query. Louise, aged 11, was appointed official historian, and I see by her notes that "In Brookfield we began to see mountains." The Housatonic river, whose spelling cost the young historian some anxiety, is remembered for the drip of spring water down the cliff at Straight Rock, and for the razor-sharp green flints at Kent where we all went wading. There was a mysterious glen with a sort of ruined forge or abbey, and a graveyard of abandoned motor cars quietly rusting in the riverside jungle. From these remains, in deference to our Diana of the Crossways, gaze was averted.

As you perhaps know, the interior of a well-filled car on tour becomes a mince-pudding of miscellany. The historian's note book vanished somewhere among rugs, suitcases, bathing suits and fire-crackers (brought in honor of the Fourth, but not exploded until after the return home.) So the notes were kept on small scraps of paper which the chauffeur afterward found sifted around among the baggage. Here I see a first attempt at Housatonic—"Housinac River, road following river very attractive. Rock with tree growing in it. Rocks!!!" Then follows: "Cornwall, Conn. Covered bridge (old and decrepit)." Another association of Cornwall, Conn., was carefully tutored to these young fry, that in this region is the famous Yelping Hill colony where the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW desists from editing and makes hiatus. Against a reredos of those lovely uplands we paused to listen, wondering why the name Yelping Hill. There was nought but enchanted silence, with perhaps a faint rustle of breezes in the mountain laurel. The historian, seeing a covered bridge for the first time, was perhaps too hasty in calling it decrepit. It seems perfectly sound; I hope that the new bridge now being constructed is not to provide passage for heavy mail and manuscripts pursuing a philosopher into his well-earned retreat.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

But Vermont is truly the gist of my theme, so I move more rapidly. The tender beauty of the Berkshires seemed to be all that rumor had always said; though on cemented highways and in certain demure towns they hardly seemed the Berkshires of Melville and Hawthorne. Diana steered along the frail dotted line that tries to keep Massachusetts from overrunning the rest of this western world. She was tempted by a lake called Queechy, but the children would not hear of it. And I knew why: Queechy was back in New York State, and they wanted to be able to send postcards bearing the imprint of a foreign name. So it was that our first night was at Melville's own favorite, Lake Pontoosuc. And there, in sunset light, was Greylock's distant summit; really a mountain, as we explained, and sacred to Moby Dick. So Queechy we never saw, nor the decent outposts of Sweden which a farmer recommended. "You spend the night with some of them Swedes," he insisted, "you'll never regret it."

Massachusetts would rectify the world if she could; Santayana remarked that West Newton, Mass., extends as far west as the Pacific; her habit of having a western annex to almost all her towns shows her imperial spirit; at the southwest angle she has even projected her soul into New York and committed the village of Boston Corner. But I can forgive everything for the beauty of the Greylock Reservation on a fresh caravan morning, and for providing a southern buttress for Vermont.

Even Vermont begins to show signs of sophistication. When did this maple-butternut fudge begin? Why isn't plain maple sugar good enough? But it is excellent to see that in whatever department of life, Vermont can, if she wishes, hold equal candle to her neighbors. It is true that for an air of strong gentility some of the Berkshire resorts would be hard to surpass; there was one where, with a storm at our heels, we drove up toward a hotel of which one had heard, got stricken glimpse of its vast yellow bulk, and fled in panic. There is another Berkshire town which prides itself on an ice-glen where "you can find ice even in July," and some of that frost has been inherited by delightful old ladies in the lobbies of hotels, disapproving casual errants in rough garb. But Manchester, Vermont, is right up with the procession: so much so that it has a hotel for chauffeurs and maids only. I should have loved to go there.

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But it was only a few miles from Manchester, turning off from the heavenly village of Arlington, through West Arlington and Sandgate, that we found the perfect mountain pass. There was Vermont in her lonely and unspoiled sweetness. We went on and up for miles of forested ravine, the road grew more and more uncertain, with rocky crossribs that brought Diana spanking down on her front axle. I was getting pretty anxious about it (we had been right off the map for miles) when we met George L. Ely who had tramped over the mountains from West Rupert to Manchester on some farm business, and was now on his way home. Mr. Ely was not encouraging about the possibilities of our getting through. He admitted that he didn't know about cars, but said that when he had gone over the pass with a rig, the buggy was mostly on top of the horse. He described certain obscure turnings in the trail, which, if we found them, might lead us out to South Dorset.

Diana was as game as could be, and the family sat in that well-drilled silence which marks realization of an emergency. But another mile or so showed that it was too chancy. By good luck there was a place available for turning, by stiff maneuver, and we retraced. We overtook Mr. Ely, and gave him a lift. He guided us through a notch we could never have discovered alone, and we stopped at his farm for a glass of milk. He told us of his adventures, originally in Ohio, then in Alberta, and now three years in Vermont. In that lonely valley, 1,500 feet up, he has a trout-brook and a sugar-house, and Bear Mountain rises 2,500 feet more right behind his house. (Swearing Mountain and Minister Mountain face each other across the branch, a little further down the valley.) Bear and deer are not unknown on those slopes, which seem as pleasantly far away from the world as anywhere I have seen. Yet Mr. Ely himself, though not by name, has been news on the front page of the newspapers; when there was the unique mid-winter thaw and maple-sap ran in January, he was the "Vermont farmer" who sent a can of January syrup to President Hoover. He has a letter from Mr. Hoover's secretary thanking him for it. I hope Mr. Hoover had some of that syrup with his breakfast griddle-cakes, for we took along a gallon-can, the best (and cheapest) I ever tasted.

But even more exciting than maple syrup, to me, was to find a room in Mr. Ely's house lined with books from floor to ceiling. There were histories, encyclopædias, novels, and hundreds of Everymans. People who have books all round them, and at easy access, forget what they may mean in a lonely home in the mountains. I have never seen a room-full of print that seemed more alive with the true virtue of the written word. Edna, Mr. and Mrs. Ely's pretty little red-haired, seven-year-old, likes to sleep in the room where the books are, she likes to see them around. Perhaps Edna will grow up to be like her few-miles-away neighbor Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

Farming a Vermont mountainside isn't an easy career, I could read between the lines of Mr. Ely's sensitive and courteous talk. The valley, the trout-brook, the mountain, look like heaven to a casual visitor, but there are anxieties in every way of life that the passer-by might not suspect. I rather wish that anyone who wants to know what real maple syrup tastes like might order some from George L. Ely of West Rupert, Vermont.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There isn't space to take you on up past Lake Bomoseen to Lake Champlain. The most important thing that happened was near Pownal, when we first got into Vermont. Blythe, aged 7, had been ecstatic with desire to climb a mountain. Every rocky pasture, every clean ridge of hill against the sky, "May I climb it?" So at the top of that long slope north of Williamstown, where the road slips like a shoulder-strap just below the bare grassy shoulder of our virgin madonna Earth, we got out to let Blythe mountaineer. It must be rather wonderful to be turned loose in so blue and golden a world, when you first realize how earth lifts herself up toward immensity. We were all happy, but those short brown legs outstripped the longer pairs. "Is this like Mount 'Lympus?" she inquired. No mountain was ever so olympian, her parents thought, seeing that little blazing face of life. Then, while her curator was prospecting among rocks and birches at the summit, Blythe disappeared. The others, just over the curve of the hill, had not seen her. She seemed to have vanished utterly. There was calling, and wonder that moved into anxiety as minutes went by. We know Blythe's excitements: a stout spirit burns in that minuscule form. Had she fled off, wild with zeal, to scale the next surmounting pasture? There might be unfriendly cattle, unknown pitfalls. Then, toiling up the slope in a different direction entirely, came a cry "I can't find the car!" She had run flickerleg down the hill on the wrong side, had seen no sign of car or kin, and was racing up again in terrified dismay. For just an instant, in that small busy mind, it must have seemed that the whole world had deserted her. There was a queer staunch trouble in her face, coppered with heat and hurry under the small straw hat. Her heart and lungs throbbed and whistled with exertion. It was a moment to make light of. "Why Blythe, you silly old thing, did you go down the wrong side of your mountain?"

Fortunately the shoulders of mountains are not the only shoulders in the world.

That night she wrote to a great-aunt. "Dear Aunt Lucy, I climbed a mountain. I was lost, but I was found again, with love. Blythe."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Thirty-four Philosophers

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY: Personal Statements. Edited by GEORGE P. ADAMS and WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. 2 vols. $12.

Reviewed by STERLING P. LAMPRECHT
Amherst College

THESE two large volumes contain essays by thirty-four professors or ex-professors of philosophy in American colleges and universities. Each writer was asked by the editors to set forth the philosophical position to which he has been led, together with the main influences that guided him in the development of his views. The autobiographical aspect of the essays is at times quite fascinating, as in the late Professor Wenley's picture of Scotch education a generation ago, or Professor Palmer's record of his part in building up the great Harvard department in which so many of the other men who speak in these volumes were trained, or in Professor Montague's sketch of the rebellion against idealism and the formation of the realistic school that has shaped most American thinking of the present time. Indeed it is to be regretted that all the writers did not give more space to this personal feature of the purpose that prompted the editing of the volumes; for the systematic definition of the views to which the various men have come could be gathered from their other articles and books. Yet undoubtedly readers of "Contemporary American Philosophy" will find an adequate summary of the state of academic philosophy in this country today, at least so far as the older philosophers are concerned.

In reading the majority of the thirty-four essays I was reminded of a French novel I read some years ago. The novel was called "Les Morts Qui Parlent." It was a story of intrigues in the Chamber of Deputies; and the point of the title was that the men who rose to address that assembly were invariably spokesmen for Bourbonism or Bonapartism or Marxianism or some other historic tradition. So in "Contemporary American Philosophy" one meets with panpsychism, dualism, scepticism(graciously rebaptized "liberalism"), idealism, absolutism, personalism, meliorism, empiricism, and neo-realism. Here are the voices of Descartes and Locke, Berkeley and Hume, Reid and Kant, Fichte and Hegel,—modified to be sure by the power which Royce and James exerted at Harvard and by the prestige that the natural sciences have increasingly come to exercise in men's thinking.

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This is not meant to imply that current philosophy in the United States is futile. For *les morts qui parlent* are, in the two volumes before us, the great thinkers of the last three centuries. And no tradition remains unchanged as it passes down through the reflections of new and vigorous minds. It is quite exciting at times to see the new structures into which old ideas and principles may be built. Professor Parker has contributed a charming essay in defence of Schopenhauerian idealism. Professor Lewis of Harvard has penned a stimulating argument in which he uses certain results of the newly-developed symbolic logic to extricate himself from the untenable outcome of eighteenth century analyses of knowledge.

Yet many readers may agree with me in regretting that contemporary American philosophy is so much concerned with the dialectics of modern epistemology. I can not go as far as Professor Boodin in saying that "present philosophy is a whited sepulchre." For the issues raised by modern epistemology must be met and met squarely: they cannot be avoided without peril of superficiality. I have only admiration for such essays as those of Professor McGilvary and Professor Woodbridge, essays that face those issues and resolve the difficulties adroitly. I respect the contribution of others such as Professor Rogers and Professor Perry in this same enterprise. None the less I regret—and I believe others will share my regret—that the voices of Plato and Aristotle are not more prominent in the present currents of American thought.

If I summed up what I mean in contrasting modern epistemology with the thought of the great Greeks, I could do no better than borrow the language of Professor Woodbridge. In modern epistemology we find at best a "realism of selection." That is, we find emphasis upon some selected features of our human experience,—extension of ideas or mental states or categories; and then we find philosophers trying from these selected features to recover, even perhaps to generate by dialectics, the world within which human experience occurs and from which the selection was first made. In the thought of the great Greeks, on the other hand, we find a "realism of principle." There is here no pitiful endeavor to account for reality or to resolve reality into some favorite item of analysis. Rather there is an honest acceptance of all the variety of existence, an acceptance of all the distinctions and differences in things and events; and then there is an effort to investigate the full nature, the connections, the consequences, the implications, and the values of each and every thing that it may please one to investigate. In a "realism of selection," the everyday world tends to disappear in the alembic of neat but facile formulæ; in a "realism of principle," that world remains as the background of reflection and the environment for action, though the meaning of life in that world is enormously enriched.

Professor Dewey strikes in his essay just the note which I mean to strike. He writes:

> Nothing could be more helpful to present philosophizing than a "Back to Plato" movement; but it would have to be back to the dramatic, restless, coöperatively inquiring Plato of the Dialogues, trying one mode of attack after another to see what it might yield; back to the Plato whose highest flight of metaphysics always terminated with a social and practical turn, and not to the artificial Plato constructed by unimaginative commentators who treat him as the original university professor.

Philosophy must not turn into philology; and not even Plato and Aristotle must be masters who enslave men's free thoughts. But the trend in some of the essays of these volumes towards such a "realism of principle" as the Greeks notably achieved is largely independent of the writings of the ancients. A direct use of Plato and Aristotle comes out in some of the ablest essays, such for example as those by Professor Everett and Professor Tufts. Indeed these two men who have been unsurpassed as teachers of ethics during the last forty years in America have that same sense of the concrete world within which all reflection arises and to which it is pertinent that characterizes Greek speculation. And if an emphasis on ethics corrected the too great engrossment of the last generation in epistemology, perhaps this trend would become stronger in the next generation in America.

A Valuable Manual

THE U. S. LOOKS AT ITS CHURCHES. By C. LUTHER FRY. New York: Institute of Social and Religious Research. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
St. Stephen's College

THE first publication of the Institute of Social and Religious Research is an exceedingly valuable reference volume, indispensable for those who need facts about the religious bodies in America. It boils down the exceedingly voluminous census reports, adds corrective information of various sorts, and presents the results in a manner as attractive and well-written as can be expected.

It shows what proportion of American people are church members: 55% is the figure finally arrived at. Of these 30% are Roman Catholics; 8.4% are Methodists, etc. 94% of Jewish members live in cities, and almost all Christian Scientists are urban also, as are most Episcopalians and Roman Catholics. The strength of Protestantism is the countryside. The Lutherans, the Mormons, and the Roman Catholics have the largest proportion of men members. The chapter on geographical distribution of churches is sociologically worth while. It is interesting also to note that the growth in church membership from 1906 to 1926 has fully kept pace with the growth in population. It will surprise some readers to learn that there are 232,000 used church buildings in America and 256,000 public schools; and that seven-eighths of all children in America are enrolled in Sunday schools.

But all this, except in arrangement, is not new information. What is new is a report on the education, or lack of it, of ministers of religion. Nearly half of all Protestant ministers have never gone either to college or theological seminary. Even in New York city, 37% are untrained men. The Lutheran pastors are the best educated of Protestant ministers, followed by the Reformed, the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians. The churches which are strongest in the South have the least trained ministries: the Methodists, the Baptists, the United Brethren, and the negro churches. Oklahoma has the least literate Protestant pastoral caretakers. The Roman Catholics have a ministry very much higher trained than their Protestant brethren; only 6.6% are non-graduates.

Chapters on the value of church property and on the annual expenses of the denominations bring to a close this volume, for the preparation of which the Institute deserves the thankful appreciation of all those interested in the facts about what is, with the possible exception of government and education, the most important of our social institutions.

A New History

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY 1801-1805. By A. F. FREMANTLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $5.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

THE title of this book leads one to hope for a new series of volumes on the England of the early nineteenth century. Spencer Walpole's "History of England since 1815" was written a long while ago, and Halévy's three volumes, brilliant, learned, and discriminating as they are, leave many aspects of the nineteenth century still to be considered. It is decidedly time that some Englishman or American should attempt a series of volumes about the Britain of 1800 to 1832. Mr. Fremantle does not promise so much. He offers a sizable volume that covers four years and goes on to say that Scotland, India, and Australia have been omitted together with chapters on the state of literature, art, and science, but that such chapters along with a narrative up to 1810 have all been prepared and "will be issued should the present volume receive a favorable verdict from the public." One seldom reads so engaging and modest a request for opinion.

The book starts well. The first chapter is called the State of England at the Close of the Eighteenth Century and deals with agriculture (never enough treated in histories of England, not even in that of the comprehensive Spencer Walpole), with the new industrial cities, with machinery, roads and canals, manners, the race for wealth, the treatment of women, the religious sects, the press, education, and many other topics. Mr. Fremantle has read and used the novels of the time, he has gone to the newspapers not a little, and he has depended much upon an excellent kind of sources, the accounts of English life by foreign travelers in England. His picture is interesting, fresh, and decidedly readable. He takes Manchester, for example, at the turn of the century and gives us a notion of that northern seat of Liberalism and industry that we would not miss. He gives evidence to show that the English on the whole were more widely intelligent than today, or at least that they were not so readily taken in by claptrap oratory. He quotes a French journalist who says the English were the least civilized people in Europe. "He gave three reasons; their fondness for money, their inability to appreciate the society of women, and a preference for themselves as a nation which amounted to a mania." Fremantle believes that schoolboys in the public schools and later in the Commons knew their classics perhaps better than the Bible. Of the M. P.'s even in the Puritan days of the early seventeenth century the same might be arguable.

Here and there are statements one would like to doubt. "Wives," he says, "were still occasionally brought to market and sold with halters round their necks." It is true that Thomas Hardy found an isolated case in Dorset of the selling of a wife by a drunken man and put it into "The Mayor of Casterbridge." The following statement, too, would need a good deal of proving: "The distinction between wife and mistress was not sharply defined. Men and women often lived together for years whose friends scarcely knew whether they were married or not." Such assertions lead one to think that although Mr. Fremantle has read widely and to advantage in out-of-the way sources as well as those well-known, he is too easily impressed with unusual instances.

One turns from the long chapter on the close of the eighteenth century to that on the government of England with expectation and is somewhat disappointed. The description is clear, the comments are not foolish, but they do not get far under the surface. Only when Fremantle deals with persons, with George III, Fox, and Pitt do we recognize a special historical talent. The chapters that follow are straight political narrative—the Fall of Pitt, Addington's Administration in Peace, Close of Addington's Administration, Pitt's Last Administration; they are neither very interesting nor significant, save here and there. It must be remembered of course that the years from 1801 to 1805 are not in any case years that rouse the mind. But Mr. Fremantle's story of the battle of Trafalgar, where his enthusiasm for the navy and his nationalistic feelings engage him, is spirited

Narratives of New England

POINTS EAST. By RACHEL FIELD. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

RACHEL FIELD'S narratives of New England have, among other pleasant qualities, one outstanding virtue: they are her own; they are not the usual unhappy attempt to recapture the understated undertones of Robert Frost nor, contrariwise, the overdramatized *bizarrerie* of Amy Lowell. The stories are strange but not strained to achieve strangeness. "The Old Gods Come to Somesville, Maine," "Bathsheba Barry," and "The Shell, the Comb and the Bird" have a legendary touch but, curiously enough, though the tales are macabre in outline, Miss Field's treatment keeps them from horror. This is not wholly an advantage, for one feels that Miss Field has not sufficiently trusted her material. It is as if, at the last moment, she withheld the full impact of her tales and let the natural terror (even the frightfulness) diminish into mere fancy.

This is not true, however, of "The Shell, the Comb and the Bird," the longest—and the best—of her narratives. In spite of its homely idiom and setting, the story is uncompromisingly sinister and moves firmly to its bitter climax. Here, in the bleak romance of the widowed sea captain who brought a half-supernatural Rima-like creature to dour domestic tragedy, Miss Field strikes the full chords. There is a timbre and sweep here that takes no account of grace-notes.

Miss Field's more formal compositions—the rhymed verses, the sonnets, the little lyrics—are less distinguished. They have a vague charm, a neatness with none of those small, unaccented differences by which we recognize the poet. They lead to the query whether, after all, Miss Field's medium is verse, whether—in spite of the quaint phrases—her skill as narrator is not cramped by her pentameters, and whether the best of her stories might not have been better in the starker, less delicately nuanced movement of prose.

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

THERE is a new poet. His first book, "Intellectual Things," is an event. How much he may give us in the future is on the knees of the gods, but one thing is sure: Here is a man immediately asserting his own fresh utterance, modern and yet very old, intricate and metaphysical and yet undeniably full of the sagacity of the true seer, the poet born. His name is Stanley J. Kunitz and his slim volume is published by Doubleday, Doran at two dollars. His poetry is not flawless, but it aroused our curiosity as no poetry we have read for some time has aroused it. Writing as we do always under pressure and in haste, we cannot declare that we have thoroughly mastered the meaning of all of Mr. Kunitz's poems. But one quality of his commands our admiration, his spiritual discipline. And, though he is Donneish he is never donnish. The strict flame burns with intense heat.

One can never mistake the accent that so rarely occurs. Mr. Kunitz's is entirely his own, new and yet somehow as familiar as the whisper of our blood. It is a great accent, and his words sorcerize. Years ago, when we first read Francis Thompson, it was impossible to grasp what he was saying, all that he was saying, at the initial perusal. So it is here, with this poet of such a different manner; but first acquaintance with his words is an exciting adventure. They involve a great intricacy of meditation. His phrase can assume finality. After witnessing so much fumbling experimentation it is profoundly pleasing to observe such agility.

We are reviewing only two books of poems this week, Mr. Kunitz's and the latest from the hand of Archibald MacLeish, "New Found Land," in an edition of five hundred copies printed for Houghton Mifflin by the Black Sun Press of Paris and sold for five dollars. MacLeish's new book contains several things of special importance. The initial poem, "You, Andrew Marvel," is one of the best of our time. "Not Marble not the Gilded Monuments" is one of the best of modern love poems. Mr. MacLeish restricts himself to the inclusion of fourteen poems. Mr. Kunitz has fifty. Mr. MacLeish has steadily advanced, but Mr. Kunitz has gained the front rank of contemporary verse in a single stride. At least, this is our own opinion. And, in a sense, the two books are not comparable. The intentions are not comparable. And achievement can only be judged by intention.

"Promise Me" is about the only poem of Mr. Kunitz's that we would willingly reject. Others are not wholly successful, but in all the others there is enough to startle and waylay. No, there is "Sad Song," in which, to be sure, there is a pinch of magic, but not enough to recompense us for its silliness. Then there is the more obvious type of beauty as in

O darling, a man can cry unto his love
All night and day, and still be comfortless.
The meaning of a mouth, a breast, is plain,
But what you mean to me is dipped in blood
And tangled like the bright threads of a dream.

These things we first present because we have no idea of overpraising. But the beauty of a poem like "First Love," the delicate certainty of its phrasing where a touch would have thrown all awry is amazing considering the age of the theme. "Night-Piece," in which men "put out their bodies like a light, and set their brains adrift upon their blood," is even more extraordinary. We deal first with the simplest things. Beautiful is that other poem of love, "Lovers Relentlessly," and profound.

Hands that are desperately moved to own
The subtly reasoned flesh on branching bone;

Lovers regard the simple moon that spills
White magic in a garden, bend their wills

Obliquely on each other; lovers eat
The small ecstatic heart to be complete;

Engaged in complicate analysis
Of passionate destruction, lovers kiss;

In furious involvement they would make
A double meaning single. Some must break

Upon the wheel of love, but not the strange,
The secret lords, whom only death can change.

But when we consider such conceptions and speculations as start the initial poem, "Change," "Geometry of Moods," "For the Word Is Flesh," "Single Vision," "Deciduous Branch," "The Words of the Preacher," "Ambergris," "Very Tree," "Me and the Rock," "Who Tears the Serpent from the Flesh," "Master and Mistress," "Organic Bloom," and "Beyond Reason," to mention a few of the best, one is in the presence of more than an unusual gift of expression and a passion for integral beauty. One is in the presence of a mind of remarkable subtlety, an imagination of remarkable range.

The title of Mr. Kunitz's volume he owes to Blake. As he himself expresses it:

I'll shed the tear of souls, the true
Sweat, Blake's intellectual dew,
Before I am resigned to slip
A dusty finger on my lip.

In "Mens Creatrix," he bids

Brain, be ice,
A frozen bowl of thought,
Pure radius of the marble eye
That is time's central spot;
In cold eternal calm
Chasten the trembling thigh.

Brain, brain:
Be fever's sepulcher,
Entomb the noise of frightened blood,
That I may strictly hear
The truthful pulse of beauty
Beyond this evil good.

Mental womb,
Intelligence of tight
Precision: He comes, the sudden Lord,
A rhythmic Spike of Light,
To cleave you with that spike:
Himself, His flowing Word.

Strike, O Poem, Strike!

And the "intelligence of tight precision" has responded, the crisis of the spirit has strongly created, because of superb intensity under (in the best poems) marvelous control. Moreover, what is evident in this poetry is a deep background of learning excited by intuitive wisdom. There is so much to be said that there is little time for superficial experimentation. As a mere example of the kind of thing that must be told we will finally present this:

As if I were composed of dust and air,
The shape confronting me upon the stair
(Athlete of shadow, lighted by a stain
On its disjunctive breast—I saw it plain—)
Moved through my middle flesh. I turned around,
Shaken, and it was marching without sound
Beyond the door; and when my hand was taken
From my mouth to beat the standing heart, I cried
My distant name, thinking myself had died.
One moment I was entered; one moment then
I knew a bounded century of pain
Between the twinkling of two thoughts.

That is but a fragment of "Master and Mistress," but it will serve.

As we have already said, Mr. MacLeish's "You, Andrew Marvel" is a very fine poem indeed. It is the best expression we have ever read of the mortal world under the flight of time, the "wingéd chariot hurrying near." It haunts greatly. "Immortal Autumn," the next poem in his brief book, has also undeniable beauty, and nostalgia for the past inspires gravely moving utterance in "Geography of This Time" from "Land's End."

Only their songs are of high lands beyond mountains,
Their songs are of horses grazing a wide land,
Of stars through the roofs of tents woven of horse hair;
Theirs they say were the wars fought by the heroes,
Theirs were the battles the shouting of which comes over us
Like a sound of sleet in the dead grass in the marshes.

"Land's End" is a three-part poem and a notable one. And "Epistle to Be Left in the Earth" moves us again with its strangeness. But when we come to the ending of "Not Marble Nor the Gilded Monuments" the tribute, the strange new tribute, brings an ache in the throat:

Therefore I will not speak of the undying glory of women,
I will say that you were young and straight and your skin fair,
And you stood in the door and the sun was a shadow of leaves on your shoulders
And a leaf on your hair.

I will not speak of the famous beauty of dead women,
I will say the shape of a leaf lay once on your hair

(Continued on next page)

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Foreign Literature

German Fiction

ES IST ZEIT. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1930.
SIE SIND JUNG. By HEINRICH MANN. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1930.
MENSCHEN NACH DEM KRIEGE. By HANS SOCHACZWEWER. The same.
DIE SCHEIDUNG. By WALTER VON MOLO. The same.
DAS HOFFNUNGSLOSE GESCHLECHT. By RUDOLF BORCHARDT. Berlin: Horen Verlag. 1930.
DER MAGIER. By BRUNO FRANK. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1930.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

ALL these recent German novels and short stories may be placed in the category of social fiction; they deal with various aspects of German social life since the end of the war and are an instructive index to the latest tendencies in contemporary German thought and morals. Naturally, the question of the relationship between the sexes is very much to the fore among the writers' themes, and Herr Stefan Zweig, whose "Ruland" series of novels is a valuable, if sometimes too involved and lengthy, account of German intellectual and social life from war-time onwards, in his latest piece of fiction presents us with an important and most interesting piece of evidence of the reaction which, according to him, is taking place in Germany against the "futilitarianism" and complete moral laxity of young people in certain circles. This condition has come about as a result of the war and, perhaps even more, of the "inflation period," with all its nerve-racking, despairing, "let-us-eat-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we-die" attitude to life and its responsibilities. The novel, in which the intellectual Ruland appears yet once more, is an interesting social picture with, in addition, a thrilling crime plot. An old roué," whose influence for evil among particularly young girls of the upper middle class has been intense, is found murdered, and suspicion falls on a young writer who, although he has shared the futilitarian, irresponsible philosophy of which the old satyr's crimes seem to be the logical outcome, is suspected of the murder, because he has openly protested against the worst of his outrages and expressed the opinion that his death would be a relief for German society. The suspicion hangs over him for most of the book, but he is eventually cleared, a young girl who has successfully escaped being found guilty. Readers of both English and German fiction would find it instructive to compare "Es Ist Zeit" with Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter-point."

Heinrich Mann has published a volume of short stories, the collective title to which is explained by the fact that they all deal with the experiences of young Germans, young men and women. They are of varying merit and interest, but the story which deals with the lapse and hypocritical defense of a married man, and the subsequent revenge upon him by his son, who turns his father's philosophy of unprincipled hypocrisy against him, is terrible in its intensity.

The author of "Menschen nach dem Kriege" is, one may gather, himself a comparatively young man. His book contrasts two types of German men who have emerged from the war with differing attitudes to life; one type has had all his ideals crushed, his patriotism is undermined, even a comparatively happy home life does not diminish his feeling that life is hardly worth living. His friend, on the other hand, looks on the German defeat and revolution as the opening of a new chapter, both for his country and for himself as an individual; he settles down to work—as a cinema-scenario writer—and he has an interesting love experience with a young Rumanian—a delicate piece of character drawing. The book is immature, but worth reading.

In "Die Scheidung" the historical novelist Walter von Molo turns from the themes he has handled with distinction to treat of the problem of divorce. It is an interesting study in an unhappy marriage, a marriage wrecked by the wife, who has been unable to accommodate herself to her husband's character, has found the possession of children merely a means of securing allies against him, and has proceeded on the assumption that marriage is bound to be a temporary union with no particular responsibilities or duties. As an indication of social tendencies "Die Scheidung," which, by implication at least, is a defense of monogamy, may be usefully compared with Herr Zweig's novel, which, incidentally, is far superior to it in form and style.

"Das Hoffnungslose Geschlecht" is a collection of stories on the subject of relations between men and women. The longest is really a study of a man who exploits marriage for material ends; it is a subtle and interesting piece of work, recalling the method of Henry James, and written with all the mastery of prose style which one has learnt to expect from Rudolf Borchardt, one of the best of contemporary German writers, whose merits have not received all the recognition they deserve outside his country.

Herr Frank, on the other hand, has had ample recognition outside Germany, particularly in the United States, where his play, "Twelve Thousand," and still more his long short-story, "Political Novelle," a thinly-disguised presentation of Monsieur Aristide Briand, have received much attention. The "magician" of the title of his latest piece of fiction is a stage director, a genius in the presentation of plays, who, after a triumph in Austria, disappears and, so it is hinted, takes to producing negro plays of striking genius somewhere in America. It is difficult to think that in this original story the writer has not had in mind, most of the time, the rise of Max Reinhardt, but such speculations need not worry the reader. The story, which is again a "novelle," is good enough to stand on its own merits.

Foreign Notes

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winners of its chief prizes by the French Academy was recently made. The Grand Prix du Roman went to Jacques de Lacretelle, the remarkable psychological analysis of whose "Silbermann" brings him quite naturally in the group, which, since the foundation of the prize in 1915, has included Francis Carco, Alphonse de Chateaubriant, Emile Henriot, François Mauriac, Joseph Kessel, and, last year, André Demaison. Jacques de Lacratelle's other works include "La Bonifas," "Jean Hermelin," and "Amour Nuptial." The Grand Prix de Littérature was awarded to Marie Louise Pailleron. Her books have been in the main agreeable anecdotal chronicles of the literary history of Paris,—history for which she undoubtedly has special taste as the grand-daughter of François Buloz, founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A special prize of 15,000 francs was bestowed upon Georges Duhamel who, says the London *Observer*, "is not a member of the Academy—nor was Balzac—but is perhaps the most interesting modern French observer of the evolution of world thought. His "Scènes de la Vie Future," written after a voyage to the United States, and just published, is a most formidable and witty indictment of the oppression of the individual by the community, the enslavement of man by the machine, and the disproportionate worship of material success, which he sees as the three main characteristics of American social life."

Claude Anet, who has written on Europe, Asia, and tennis, who is the translator of Pushkin and Omar Khayyam, has recently issued a new novel. "Mayerling" (Grasset), recounts the tragedy of Rudolph, Prince Imperial of Austria, and Marie Vetsera.

Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from preceeding page*)

Till the world ends and the eyes are out and the mouths broken.
Look! It is there!

"American Letter" and "Anonymous Signature" are also praiseworthy, the former containing a definition of this continental race that is both new and true. Let us close with Mr. MacLeish's sudden vision of his country, a memorable picture:

The dawn
Rides the low east with us many hours;
First are the capes, then are the shorelands now
The blue Appalachians faint at the day rise;
The willows shudder with light on the long Ohio:
The Lakes scatter the low sun; the prairies
Slide out of dark; in the eddy of clean air
The smoke goes up from the high plains of Wyoming;
The steep Sierras arise; the struck foam
Flames at the wind's heel on the far Pacific.
Already the noon leans to the eastern cliff;
The elms darken the door and the dust-heavy lilacs.

Mr. MacLeish is here chiefly absorbed, it would seem, in wandering Man in a wandering World in a wandering Universe. Mr. Kunitz is mainly concerned with Interior Man. Both aspects of this plantigrade being furnish almost infinite material to both true poets.

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Points of View

Chaucer in Translation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Referring to your recent Chaucer article, and its comment on Lounsbury's proposal to modernize Chaucer's spelling, that "this stops short of a cure, because in order to preserve the rhythm the terminal letters must often be retained"—I am moved to remark that it was not supposed to be a complete cure. Neither is a translation a cure. If a man has a queer foot and you give him a queer shoe which enables him to get along comfortably, it is not a cure, but it is better than unnecessarily cutting off his leg and fitting him with an elaborate and alien artifice. I remember the occasion of Lounsbury's suggestion, and the controversy, and remember talking with Lounsbury about it. He greatly enjoyed a fight. I remember having a vociferous argument with Manly (who was then teaching at Brown, and, knowing a great deal more Chaucer than I did, rather bested me.) It was in a crowd of us, discussing beer and poetry in the top story of Old Sheffield, then occupied by three scientists by profession, but by nature humanists, most genial and most hospitable.

Now, Lounsbury was notable not only for his erudition and wit, but for his "horse sense." The "cure" was not proposed as complete, but as practicable to the end in view of making Chaucer practicable reading for the unlearned, who knew no Middle English and never would know any. He proposed to alter nothing but spelling, and that only where it was practicable, to care nothing for consistency, and treat every case on its individual merits. "The chief obstacle" would be, I think, the rhymes, rather than simply "the terminal letters." Let me illustrate.

Whenne that April with his showers sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed eevry veine in swych licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour,
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enshived hath in every holt and hethe
The tender croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours of yronne.

(The Pickering ed. 1830, by Tyrwhitt, is the only one at hand, but the first line runs in my memory as "*Aprile*" and *swotë*. Neither are my Middle English authorities at hand nor is my memory precise, but is *ou* pronounced *ow* or *oo*?) Anyhow, Lounsbury would perhaps then have rendered it much like this:

When that Aprilë with his showers swotë
The drouth of March hath piercëd to the rotë
And bathëd every vein in such licour
(ou-ow-liquor).
Of which virtúe engendered is the flower,
When Zephyrus ekë with his swotë breath
Inshined hath in every holt and health,
(Imperfect rhyme, but what of it?)
The tender croppës, and the youngë sun
Hath in the Ram his halfë course yrun.

(Why "croppës"? Because "cropës" would make a long o, either is plain enough, and it doesn't much matter either way. You can't say *sweet*, for it wouldn't rhyme with *root* even imperfectly. Very well then, let them alone with a marginal gloss. Put accents, or pronouncing marks over vowels when they are needed, and go on.)

Chaucer does not need translation. For the Middle English scholar he needs nothing. For a possible Chaucer loving public he needs only spelling, accenting, marking the vowels which rhythm will not allow to be silent, and an occasional marginal gloss. The losses would be in that mellow sweetness of sound (which is lovely even in our conjectural approximations, but that loss is relatively with us in Shakespeare and all elder poetry) and sometimes a masculine in place of a feminine rhyme ending. But compared with translation what a gain! It is perfectly readable and intelligible, and nearly all Chaucer is there. The passages which you quote from Mr. Hill's translation will illustrate.

(Mr. Hill):

For quick is pity in the noble hearted
The flatterer with the knife beneath his cloak
To Thebes that stands with ancient walls and wide.

The Lounsbury rendering would run:

For pity runneth soon in gentle heart
The smiler with the knife under the cloak.
To Thebës with his oldë wallës wide.

The meaning is just as plain, the poetry is better, and besides it is almost more Chaucer. I say "Lounsbury's rendering," meaning only what I suppose it would probably be from the general impression retained of his idea: namely, that Chaucer does not need translation, but only frequent respelling, some accenting and vowel marking, and an occasional gloss. If you meet an insoluble difficulty, let it alone; gloss it if you like; don't translate it into something different; the cases will be only occasional. Some spots will look queer; never mind if they do. You cannot be consistent; never mind that either. When rhyme and rhythm are right, and meaning plain enough, stop there. Keep always in mind the kind of reader you are serving, and what would probably bother him. Keep always your ear close to Chaucer's shifting tune. He is tricky, therefore don't touch him more than you have to, and you don't have to except very lightly. If the public benefits let the scholars say what they choose. It is none of their business anyway, those who prefer textual editions will always have them, and need not disturb themselves.

It struck me that your comment on Lounsbury was not quite adequate. I had seen Mr. Hill's translation, and disliked it, as I disliked Dryden, though both are well done, and Mr. Hill's is fairly close. But Chaucer is a volatile spirit; and Lounsbury, it seems to me, was distinguished among the erudite, and even among the witty, by his horse sense, and he suggested the only way in which an approximately genuine Chaucer could be given to a general public.

ARTHUR COLTON.

Palisades, N. Y.

Art or an Art?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your article on sports writing was good, but is it the whole truth of the matter?

In a fight which Smith was unable to attend, McGinnis knocks out Epstein. Smith recollects how the ring looks—with its blaze of light overhead, the bald-headed announcer, the ropes, the floor, the white and the black posts in the corners, and all of that. But his fourteen-year-old intelligence quotient is unable to visualize the *dramatis personæ* inside the ropes. He reads: "Ikie fetches McGinnis an upper cut on the button, and Mike sinks his right in the tummy of the gent from Jerusalem."

Now, of course, if Smith would close his eyes for a moment and think, the scene would gradually shape itself in his mind. But thinking is the one thing that Smith is "the least fondest of." So the scribe, knowing the mental caliber and habits of the readers of the sports page, avails himself of the psychological principle of repetition on a weak mind. (*Vide* William James.) On the third presentation of the same point in different language, Smith gets it without any mental effort on his part and is duly pleased.

Is it Art? Well, yes, I think so—of a kind. Or if not Art, it is an art.

Literature? Only in the narrow and bastard sense used by promoters and boosters.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Hollywood, Calif.

The American Soul at War

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The philosophers, the scientists, and the writers of today have dealt cruelly and blindly with the American people. They have studied them only as a mob, neglecting entirely the individual; and they have weighed only their superficial values, ignoring altogether the redeeming characteristics of the individual, lovable American citizen. The individual, when considered at all, has been treated as an atom electrically joined to other atoms, forming as a whole a molecule. This indeed simplifies matters for the superficial, materialistic reporter, who simply gives a scientific, coldblooded report of the molecular weights and characteristics of these groups of atoms, with no knowledge of the atoms themselves. What does Sinclair Lewis know of the heart throbs of the American people? What does the author of "King Mob" know? These men have watched from a high mountain the flow of American life as if it were a great river bound by unchangeable banks. They have not read humanity's story in the souls of these Americans.

The American people have been paraded before us on the screen, in novels, in the magazines as a mad, rioting, smoking, cocktail drinking group of morons, whose highest intellectual attainment is the playing of bridge and the working of cross-word puzzles. This is lamentably near the truth; but it is not the whole truth, nor the great truth about the American people. Our Humanists and anti-Humanists, our scientific scribblers on human causes and effects, our psychological dissecticians, our H. L. Menckens, have forgotten one very imporant fact in portraying the American people. The fact is this: that the American people can be judged by the standards of no other people under the sun. Their mental and spiritual problems as a whole are more difficult than those of standardized nationalities; for their natures, in practically all instances, are dual. The spirit of Puritanism fights eternally with the Epicurean spirit in the American breast. The emotions of the American, his desires, his conscience, conflict fiercely, and his only hope of relief is in escape from himself. Hence his maddening, reckless, superficially gay parties, his abnormal consumption of cocktails, his craze for bridge. It is his only mode of escape from a nature which he can neither understand nor endure. In self-defense they force themselves into a ceaseless round of meaningless activities to escape the torture of thinking.

R. LEE CLARK.

Calvert, Texas.

Take It from Him

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

This is a sample of what's wrong with you literary guys. You give a ton of attention to chaff—if it is highbrow—and a gram, if it is the grain of *real* humanism—not with the big H.

What I mean is, here is the most remarkable book of American life, and ah, so subtle in all its broadness! And ah, so deep in all its shallows! The like of which we have not had since Mark Twain's "Huck Finn" —I allude to "My Aunt Angie." Here is the only notice of it I have ever noticed in all the *Sat. R. L.* notices. You name the titles of all the "college books," but the only thing you can quote is from—as the late William Bolitho said—"the one book of the decade that is real life and real literature."

As an old-time business Babbitt, I happen to know of the "racket" of the *American Journal of Health.* That is absolutely true —and all the moaning young men and women emitting books, overlooked that curious psychological manifestation of how business vanity is preyed upon, as well as how personal vanity is preyed upon in the "Mug Book racket." The corset sales woman—she is a factor of business life—the boudoir bordelos of West 43rd Street, an integral part of our social fabric—you know the underworld does not live on the underworld —its patrons are any woman's father, husband, son.

The war, the profiteering, the dainty male theatrical pervert, the dancing in the streets when the Armistice came—but would you think this biggest and best of books of today is mainly concerned with blowzy businesses and flamboyant phrases of sophisticated city life? Not so; the Russians never sordidly described their rural and small town life so scathingly truthful as the author of "My Aunt Angie" gives us the American scene, humorously, tellingly, by the flashlight of his first chapter—and what Angie further briefly discloses.

Take it from a Babbitt—and we Babbitts *buy* the books and the products of all artists —and always have—here is a book! Yes, as vulgar—and as truthful—as Dickens in his day. Are we dull, we Babbitts, to think so, to say so? Well, take it from me, no Rotary luncheon, no fraternal lodge high jinks is any more dull and stupid and banal than any and all literary affairs—authors teas, New Humanist debates—anything. But Roy McCardell has written *the* book, and promises more—and only one highbrow—and he a Britisher, an outlander—Bolitho—saw and knew and said so. Ah, me!

R. C. CROUCH.

When the Editor Nods

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Much to my relief I have at last caught Dr. Canby in a mistake in one of his allusions. *Now* I know that we cannot all be perfect, and I feel as I do financially in the presence of a Vanderbilt, i. e., I give up trying.

In the *Saturday Review* of June 14th, middle column near the bottom, Dr. Canby speaks of hounds "barking" on the trail; of course they "bay" only when on the trail, the "barking" begins when the quarry is at bay or up a tree.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

New York City.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE KING OF THE NIBELUNG. By *C. E. Le Massena.* New York: Grossman-Roth.

LANCELOT AND GUENEVERE. By *Tom Peter Cross* and *William A. Nitze.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

A WORD TO THE WISE. By *Irene Clark Safford.* Vinal.

THE DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Translated by *Richard Aldington.* Illustrations by *Jean De Bosschère.* 2 vols. Covici, Friede. 1930. $17.50.

THE COURSE OF ENGLISH CLASSICISM. By *Sherard Vines.* Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $1.25.

Biography

PIRATICAL BARBARITY. Illustrated by *Herb Roth.* Peter Pauper Press. $4.

J. GEORGE ADAM. By *Marie Adam.* Richard R. Smith. $3.50.

Drama

PRIZE-WINNING ONE-ACT PLAYS. Compiled by *Billie Oneal.* Dallas: Southwest Press.

THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU. Duffield. 1930.

THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU. By *Janet H. Swift.* Revell. 1930. $1.75.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PLAYS. Edited by *Arthur Hobson Quinn.* Century. $5.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CIVILIZATION. A Drama in Four Acts. By *John Pierpont Morgan.* San Francisco: Harr Wagner Pub. Co. 1930.

Education

THE ART OF WRITING PROSE. By *Roger Sherman Loomis.* Richard R. Smith. $2.

OUTLINES OF SOCIOLOGY. By *John Lewis Gillin.* Macmillan. $3.

LOGIC AND EPISTEMOLOGY. By. *A. C. Cotter.* Stratford. $2.

HIGHWAYS IN COLLEGE COMPOSITION. By *Homer A. Watt* and *Oscar Cargill.* Prentice-Hall.

THE PUPIL'S WORK BOOK IN AMERICAN HISTORY FOR ELEMENTARY AND JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS. By *F. Leslie Clark.* Scribners.

A MANUAL TO ACCOMPANY AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Thomas M. Marshall* and *Edgar B. Wesley.* Macmillan. 24 cents.

THE ART OF WRITING PROSE. By *Roger Sherman Loomis.* Smith.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE MYSTERY STORY. By *Carolyn Wells.* Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School. $2.50.

Fiction

TURN BACK THE LEAVES. By E. M. DELAFIELD. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

Like a good play in which the *dénouement* cannot be divined until the last act, this latest novel by Miss Delafield (who is in ordinary life Edmée Elizabeth Monica de la Pasture) is full of dramatic developments which make the reader of the first two hundred pages curious to discover just how far a rather plausible selfishness and bigotry will be permitted to triumph. In fact, the very rigid Catholic head of the family of Floyd is represented in so skilful and natural a manner in the first part of the story that one is almost inclined to believe the author is in full sympathy with his principles and ambitions, and that all will work out according to plan where his family and the ancestral home are concerned.

This home is named Yardley, and we are told it was a very beautiful Queen Anne house with a large park—in which only Catholics were allowed to work. Beyond this we are left in the dark, nor does it matter in what part of England we find ourselves. While the type of Catholic family to whom we are introduced belongs, as Miss Delafield says in her Foreword, "to a little-known section of English society as it has existed for many years," the rarity of its occurrence cannot unfortunately be matched by that of the type of house in which they choose to live. There are, and no doubt always will be, many country (and town) houses in England which, like Yardley, are always cold in winter, and where there is only one bathroom and the hot water is often at a premium. At Yardley, twenty-three oil lamps were cleaned, filled, and lighted every day in a futile endeavor to warm the house; a splendid occupation in these days of unemployment. But Yardley has always been cold, and perhaps this tradition has something to do with Sir Joseph's temper which does not improve with his advancing age. At his approach, everyone immediately feels uncomfortable.

His word is, by tradition and by his authority as the head of the house of Floyd, absolutely the last and final law in any family discussion. Neither the World War, nor any human factor—which must be discounted if it interferes with his conception of the Catholic religion—can change him, and the circumstance that his authority grows less as his family are affected by contact with the world outside, makes him only more bitter and egocentric. He is a miser of tradition, and gloats over his treasure and his conviction that he will reap the reward of his religion in the life to come. He marries only on the advice of his confessor, who persuades him that to have an heir to the house of Floyd is a greater obligation than to follow his inclination to become a monk. Of love he knows nothing: duty and tradition are his watch-words, and by them alone he forgives his first wife, who has a child by the man she really loves, by them marries a second time for the good of his four motherless children, and finally disowns the daughters who marry Protestants. The son and heir being killed in the war, the estate will ventually go to those relations who are the best Catholics and will maintain the Yardley tradition untarnished. There is, of course, the usual family nurse who is completely neutral in all controversies, and without whom no English home, Catholic or otherwise, would ever be like home.

It is a novel full of excellent characterization and insight into human relationships; a most impressive story, and so unusual that one will remember it long after the names of the members of the Floyd family have sunk into oblivion.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON. By MARION STROBEL. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.50.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN. By CLEMENCE DANE and HELEN SIMPSON. Cosmopolitan. 1930. $2.

Two novels about lady publishers, each lady a "martyr, a darling, and an angel," each novel a hodge-podge of short stories presumably held together by the central character, but actually submerging her. In each book the heroine dies dramatically, and in each case we're told about it with determined cleverness. There is much writing for writing's sake, and little, if any, emotional urge. One wonders how such books come to be written.

In "Saturday Afternoon," Susannah Pease sacrifices herself for the sake of a literary renaissance in Chicago. It all takes place on the half-holiday,—her reported suicide by drowning, its electric effect on the life stories of a stenographer, a society girl, a clerk in the Cunard office, a newspaper reporter, and the material it affords for a suddenly aroused novelist and poet. It may be Chicago, but it is a small world. All the wires from these various homes, offices, and studios, cross and emit sparks on that Saturday afternoon. About sundown, Susannah Pease hears of the efforts her death has stimulated, efforts she has tried all her life to stir up in the same novelist and poet, and rather than allow the inspiration to be crushed by her humiliating return, she makes the renaissance actual by obligingly taking poison.

"Author Unknown" is a pleasant tale about Horrie Pedler of London, which turns unexpectedly, when more than half way through its light meanderings, into a mystery story which includes a murder and a suicide. Maybe the fact of two collaborators accounts for the two tales so completely apart in tone and so awkwardly hooked together on about page 225. The first story is by far the more satisfactory.

JOHN MERRILL'S PLEASANT LIFE. By ALICE BEAL PARSONS. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

The pleasant life would seem to be the smug life—that of an engineer in a big factory plant on the Hudson, a man living in a fine home with a pretty wife and a soft job, a man unadventurous and wary in business, backward and hesitant in love, interested primarily in his own material welfare. His brilliant and somewhat bawdy patron presents an interesting contrast, which John Merrill manages himself to see at the end of the book. But the juxtaposition of these two is hardly enough to make a story, and obviously not enough to change the "pleasant life."

What tale there is, is awkwardly presented. Past action is arbitrarily introduced at queer and unexpected moments according to the whim of the author; events of importance are confined to interludes to make room for long passages of description and revery; characters are inexplicably dropped. The scale of the book is bad, with details of intimate scenes reading much the same as the narrative that covers long periods of time and experience. The dialogue impedes rather than quickens the action, all the characters talking in generalities and in figures of speech. In short the story is laboriously written. There can have been no impelling force behind it and what subtle idea there is, is almost completely obscured by the self-consciousness of the author.

THE GOLDEN HILLS. By CLARA VIEBIG. Vanguard Press. 1930. $2.50.

The golden hills of the title are the terraced vineyards of the Moselle, where devout and industrious peasants tend the vines on the ancestral plots where their forebears have labored for centuries. A pleasant country and a good people; whoever knew them in the old days will feel a nostalgic longing as he sees them here depicted by a loving hand. But he will be pained as well; for aside from the local color, which gives the book its charm and value, this is just another novel of agricultural depression, and one of the gloomiest that has been written on that cheerless theme.

Here are the familiar grievances of Iowa and North Dakota today, of agricultural communities for thousands of years past—ever since civilization and cities were invented, and debt was offered the farmer as an alternative to famine. The grape growers of the Moselle are afflicted by crop failures, by overproduction in the good years, by fantastically low prices to the producer that become fantastically high by the time the goods reaches the consumer; rains wash away their vineyards, floods ruin their cellars; they sink deeper and deeper into debt and damn the capitalists and middlemen. And beyond these traditional grievances of all farmers they have a few peculiarly their own. The period is 1923-25, when the German currency completely lost its value; when the occupied provinces were bedeviled by the agitation for a Rhine republic; when poverty in Europe and prohibition in America had dealt a terrific blow to the wine market, and an ill-judged commercial treaty with Spain permitted the lower-cost Spanish producers to undersell the wine makers of the Moselle, burdened down by a terrific tax on their "luxury product" which for them was the staff of life.

Heaped on all these afflictions, this unhappy region suffered one more, if the evidence here presented is trustworthy—its unmarried girls had a way of getting pregnant in consequence of their first and only false step; even if the partner of their guilt was a doctor who ought to have known better. All in all, things went pretty badly on the Moselle for a couple of years; but our grape growers, with rare good judgment, got themselves potted every day on the wine they could not sell, and thus forgot their sorrows. Through the long tale of misery the reader avid of learning may be sustained by the educational interest of an unfamiliar variant of secular agrarian problems. And eventually the flood goes down, the sun comes out, the tax on wine is repealed, inconvenient bastardies are charitably ignored, and all things work together for a happy ending.

LOPE DE VEGA, MONSTER OF NATURE. By ANGEL FLORES. Brentano's. 1930. $3.50.

A fair test of any biography in the guise of fiction, such as this, would be the impression made by the story on the contemporaries of the hero or victim of the author. Perhaps there are some biographies that would pass this test successfully; it is probable that in others the hero would, in a phrase often used by Cervantes, hardly be recognized by the mother who bore him. The latter is the case with the peculiar Lope de Vega whom we are asked to consider. Even Spaniards of our own day who might or might not know a great deal about the famous playright would probably be indifferent to this portrayal of the hero. And this in spite of some well-written pages of spirited description. The fact remains that Lope would make an unsatisfactory protagonist for a novel. Much is known about his real character and his extraverted, multiculored career,—a comprehensive and most detailed life could be based on three volumes of autograph letters preserved in Madrid,—but the unsavory facts of his relations with men and women have always been dragged into the limelight, completely overshadowing the rest of the man. Hence

(*Continued on page* 1

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Nonsense for Vacation

By MARCIA DALPHIN

NOT long ago among the new books on my desk appeared Carl Sandburg's "Potato Face." Reading and relishing its extravagances, I lifted my eyes to run them over the walls of a room lined with children's books and my heart rejoiced to see what a really sizable shelf of nonsense books one could assemble by a little search here and there.

He is a fortunate man who as a child is exposed to nonsense and comes up loving it, learning how to savor in his sadder, wiser years the exquisite absurdity of men and things. For this is a mad world, my masters, that we live in today, not to say hag-ridden, and the kind of person who can believe nine impossible things before breakfast is better equipped to face it than another. When, in one of those blinding flashes of clear vision that come to all of us, he looks about and sees not only rabbit's friends-and-relations—but his own; not only his next door neighbor—but that sacrosanct individual, himself, indulging in the most absurd, contradictory, unreasonable antics, just as part of the day's work, the mere business of living, he needs something to lean on. Philosophy is not his need, or, at any rate, not that alone. He needs a sense of nonsense. In times of stress, seeking to remember past joys, it is not that world cruise that he took last year that is going to fortify him, it is the remembrance of the trip to the Torrible Zone and the hills of the Chankly Bore, or the Gulliby Isles where the Poohpooh smiles, or that country where Agib, Prince of Tartary, plays the Zoetrope all day and the gay Pantechnicon all night. When the world goes all wrong it is the mental picture of the Peterkins sitting in their carryall waiting for the hitched horse to start or the page in "Alice in Wonderland" where the Hatter and the March Hare are enthusiastically trying to cram the Dormouse into the teapot that is going to cheer him on, or that glimpse of my aged Uncle Arly, sitting on a heap of barley (but his shoes were far too tight).

Before the old, old question, "And what *is* nonsense?" can rear its hoary head let us say firmly that it is not what the "Standard Dictionary" says: "that which is without sense or good sense." Even the "Concise Oxford Dictionary" casts a slur on the noun by saying that it is, "absurd or meaningless words or ideas, foolish or extravagant conduct, arrangement, etc., that one disapproves of." To be sure it does, later, grant that a nonsense-book is one "meant to amuse by absurdity," and if you find it hard to forgive the "meant," you can at least be glad that in the scope of so small a volume the term is recognized by inclusion.

No, the true inwardness, the absolute essence of nonsense is that it is absurdity so presented that it sounds like sense. At its very best it has no self-consciousness and not a hint of condescension. It is naked of reason yet unashamed, Adam before the fall, the true child in the garden of letters, innocent of guile.

Much otherwise good nonsense has been spoiled because it stood off occasionally and was pleased with itself as such. Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," for instance, delightful fooling as it is, is not in the very best tradition because the author winks at the reader now and then. Dickens did better than that in his adorable "Magic Fishbone." More has been almost ruined because, like John Gilpin, it carried weight. No book which is propaganda for a cause can be good nonsense. And all the cautionary books, amusing as they are, are not the purest nonsense because they carry a moral, however sugar-coated. Hilaire Belloc's are perhaps the best, because they manage to thumb the nose at the old cautionary tales. Yet while hugely enjoyed by the grown-up they are almost too suggestive to be quite comfortable to young children. You must not try to *prove* anything with nonsense. You *may*, incidentally, but it must be a by-product to be any good.

Head and shoulders above all the books in the nonsense world towers "Alice." It is Carroll plus Tenniel that I mean, really. Open the book anywhere. Perhaps it will fall open by itself (mine did) to "'Tis the voice of the sluggard." Look once more at the verses and at the ridiculous animal himself standing in front of that deliciously frilly, girlish dressing-table, surveying his appearance, brush in hand. How did Tenniel suggest that faint hint of anxiety? By his posture? Who knows. That's the genius of it, just as in the pictures for "The Bab Ballads" Gilbert gets the whole British lower classes into the duck of the knees of the boatswain's mother when Captain Reece condescends:

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"The Hunting of the Snark" must not be left off any nonsense shelf, nor "Sylvie and Bruno." It is rather a pity that the verses from the latter, those about the banker's clerk and the albatross "that fluttered round the lamp," are almost invariably found separated from their context, for the book is worth knowing as a whole.

Edward Lear is the other great Nonsensist, and here again the pictures are half the fun. Happy man! to be able to do his own picturization. Every one knows "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "Yonghy Bonghy Bo," but one finds few who know by heart that masterpiece called "The Four Little Children Who Went Around the World." The travels of Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel, for gorgeous pomposity and sententiousness and general idiocy are practically unsurpassed. And it all sounds so reasonable. There's your true nonsense,—that which sounds oh, so reasonable, and the other perfect kind is that which says to the reader, "Now,—no, not now, but in just a minute, just around this next corner, it is all going to make sense." But it never, never does.

When you have mentioned the great Victorians, Carroll, Lear, and Gilbert, and have added Belloc, and Oliver Herford, and Gelett Burgess you have the names that come to mind first when nonsense is mentioned. But on the same shelf should go Carryl's "Davy and the Goblin," and "David Blaize and the Blue Door," by E. F. Benson, both dream stories with fantastic and aggravating creatures in them. The verses in "Davy and the Goblin" are almost worthy of Lear and Carroll. Then there are a number of books that might go on a supplementary shelf. While not nonsense through and through, they possess certain qualities or enough nonsensical touches to make them eligible. Frank Stockton was a master of the art of carrying off with apparent plausibility the most ridiculous situations and putting into the mouths of his characters dialogue that reads along with the utmost smoothness and reasonableness when all the time it is pure nonsense that is being talked. The reader gets more and more involved in the coils and charmed and carried away by the plausibility of it all until he wonders whether he or the writer is hopelessly demented. For sustained fooling nothing surpasses some of his short stories for children—"The Griffin and the Minor Canon," for example, or the title story in "The Queen's Museum," of the Queen who felt so hurt because her people did not take an interest in her museum. It does not come out until the end of the story that it was a museum filled with buttonholes! Henry Beston has Stocktonian touches in some of the stories in his "Firelight Fairy Book" and "Starlight Wonder Book." There is good nonsense in A. A. Milne's stories and verses, and one of the most delightful nonsense stories I have run across for a long while is his "Prince Rabbit," included in Walter de la Mare's prose anthology, "Reading." A few of the recent picture books have touches of true nonsense, notably so "The Tale of Mr. Tootleoo" and its sequel, "Tootleoo Two," which are reminiscent of Gilbert. There is a little known book by Alicia Aspinwall called "Short Stories for Short People" that has some admirable nonsense stories told with great circumstantiality and a perfectly straight face.

This shelf is getting too full. One more book must go on though and that is that "Little Book of Necessary Nonsense" that Burges Johnson compiled and Elizabeth MacKinstry illustrated last year. This is just the book to slip into the pockets of all the children, big and little, who are starting off on vacations. They will bless you for it.

A Query

Such hard-luck stories! No money to advertise; the make-up of children's books is so costly nowadays; most juveniles are still-born. And yet, juveniles appeared this year! Do the publishers produce children's books for love of the dear public? Or, perhaps, merely for fun?

Reviews

THE BOY WITH THE PARROT: A Story of Guatemala. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by GERALD CHITTENDEN

BOOKS about foreign lands written for children possibly do as much for international tolerance as any other form of literature. Adults, almost inevitably, accumulate prejudices; children have curiosity only. If their curiosity can be kept alive, prejudice will not grow so rankly, for the two qualities can hardly live together. Furthermore, not even the most hidebound of us can be prejudiced against the children of another race; we find them, on the contrary, peculiarly attractive. There is Kim, for example, and El Pobrecito Loco in "Cabbages and Kings"; there are many more.

"The Boy with the Parrot" has some of the quality of these greater stories—a simplicity of style, a truth of background, and a convincing unpretentiousness. It deals with a Guatemalan boy who leaves his mountain village for a peddling trip which takes him ultimately to the capital city—a long road indeed for the Guatemalan Indian. It should appeal to boys and girls—especially to boys—of eleven or twelve, or perhaps a bit younger. They will follow Sebastian, his pack, and his parrot, with no small interest, for Miss Coatsworth knows better than to write down to her audience, or to soften overmuch what is in reality a hard life. She allows Sebastian to get very tired without being pitied; to smoke cigarettes once in a while without being reproved, and to escape by the skin of his teeth a drunken peon with a sharp machete who wants to kill him. Furthermore, she knows her upland Guatemala—one of the beautiful countries of the world, by the way—and comes somewhere near understanding the wreckage of the great race that lives in it. She has done more than watch with a tourist's eye the cargadores trot into the great city market just after sunrise, their bare or sandalled feet whispering through every converging street; she has followed them back to their villages and learned where the straw overcoats and the pottery and the woolen ponchos come from. She may even have had the chance to experience Indian hospitality—a very honest, albeit very dirty, variety of the virtue. As a result of her knowledge of the country, Sebastian is a convincing character, or, if that is overloading his already burdened shoulders, as convincing as he needs to be. The touches of sentimentality that occur here and there, not overdone, are rather pleasant than otherwise, and to the young reader will add to the pleasure of the book.

Probably the best test of a child's book is whether it interests an adult. "The Boy and the Parrot" qualifies. To one who has known Guatemala, it brings back pictures of volcanic cones springing into skies of incredible blue, with bamboo and coffee bush on their flanks, of wide valleys full of cattle and corn, of a certain half-ruined monastery where one was once royally fed and entertained by a German priest. To the boy who reads it, it will be, first of all, a good little yarn, and then, if anything else is needed, a source of accurate information about the life of a people. Later in life, when he is tempted to brand all Guatemalans as revolutionists and murderers, some of his impressions may recur to him and give him pause.

SHIPS OF THE SEVEN SEAS. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. ROE

MR. DANIEL has filled a long felt want in presenting a comprehensive, accurate, and not too technical account of the history of the ship from the dugout canoe to the *Bremen*, together with an explanation of the rudiments of navigation and seamanship, ship design and construction, lighthouses, lightships, and buoys, and some remarks on ports and port equipment. In the latter, he points out very shrewdly the weakness of the American pier system for handling cargo. The port of Liverpool, for instance, though only one-sixth as large as that of New York, handles roughly the same amount of freight.

Too much credit can scarcely be given Mr. Daniel for the simplicity and clarity of his explanations of many matters commonly obscured for the layman by technical language. At the same time he steers a nice course away from dulness or didacticism. For the seaman, or traveller, or eager boy here is knowledge decorated with amusing or thrilling anecdotes offered by a man who has served in every capacity on a merchant ship.

COREY TAKES THE SCOUT TRAIL. By LEONARD K. SMITH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by O. E. HAMILTON

IF the composite hero of this book, Troop Six, had not, in the short period of one afternoon, helped put out a forest fire, trisected a rattlesnake with the flip of a knife, killed a bobcat in like fashion, and saved a lost child, I should call the story a reasonable picture of the evolution of a Scout Troop. The rest of the happenings seemed to square up with the ordinary life of such a group of boys, even including such a dramatic episode as rescuing entombed fellows from a sand and gravel cave-in. In fact, as a rather sober record of boyways within the orbit of the far-flung organization of Boy Scouts, such a volume may claim a certain local merit as fictionized history. It reads better than the minutes of a Troop's secretary, and, in spots shows an approach to literary quality born of a real feeling on the part of the author for events and persons described.

But I doubt if any but a Scoutmaster would read it through. I have been one, and had to hold myself down to the job by the scruff of the neck. I had to conjure up a fellow author's sympathy for the writer of another book. And so I hate to write a review because I cannot say that this record story is more than professionally interesting. Yet I may be entirely mistaken. Boy Scouts, or even boys, might eat up this tale and lick their book-worm chops. It would be interesting to know about that for, it seems to me, a boy's taste in fiction today has much to do with our grown-up culture of tomorrow.

The pictures inside the front cover might decoy a youngster into beginning the story. One of them shows the cave rescue, another depicts ea dramatic action in first aid, and a third celebrates knifethrowing at a bob-cat in a totally impossible fashion. Only the fourth is in keeping with the story as a whole—a novice entering a room for conversation with two assistant Scout Masters. In fact the bulk of the book is devoted to the ordinary routine affairs of a group of Scouts trying to live up to the Oath and the manual. More pages are devoted to tying knots in ropes than in the manual itself. But perhaps that is only to point the moral of teamwork and tenacity.

The individual hero, Corey, does evolve and progress. He is a study in the sublimation of anger into love. From calling his stepmother a "fat slob" he arrives at a point where she becomes merely "she." From hating his rival of another troop, Hopewell, he becomes a helpful friend. And from a lonely ragamuffin he is transformed into quite a model of regulation boyhood and earns enough money to buy a regulation uniform. He does good turns daily, goes in for knots, bird-study, signalling and sundry merit-badge occupations, and winds up by saving a lost child from smoke and cinders and finally lies, burned, but happy in the hospital. No, one does not leave him there. There is a grand ensemble of the stars in the last chapter where they all go to church, and rejoice in a sumptuous feed afterwards. Corey is taken into a good home with the promise of a cheerful future.

Yet, despite the flavor of the beginning of a series of masculine Elsie books, Mr. Smith's story does suggest one thing which I think is worthwhile: the possibility of Scout Masters and others who deal with boystuff, jotting down their observations of what boys do and say and how they do and how they say it. From such stuff someone can weave a story or record of boyways that may be worth preserving. In that respect books like this (if they are careful not to overdo chopping up snakes and eviscerating wildcats with a hunting knife) will have a place, however modest, in the records of boyhood in our civilization of today.

Specimens from South Africa and South America have been added to the mineral collection of the Brooklyn Children's Museum and are being prepared for exhibition by J. Claudius Boyle, mineralogist at the museum.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

Interest continues in the career of shady characters. Don Juan documented, E. M. J., Clifton Springs, N. Y., says: "I have become interested in the character of Cagliostro; are there available biographies or stories about him?"

AS pronunciations are dealt with in this department, it may be well to begin with the statement that in Italian he is Kahl-*yos*-tro (o's long) but in French Kah-yo-*tro*. Neither, of course, was his name; "Allessandro, conte di Cagliostro" was assumed for business purposes by Giuseppe Balsamo (1743-1795). His latest appearance in English is in "Twelve Against the Gods" (Simon & Schuster), by the late (the word falls heavy on great hopes) William Bolitho, a brief but adequate biography together with a sketch of Seraphina. Not long before that "Cagliostro," by Johannes von Guenther, was translated and published by Harper; this is a rich, romantic novel whose incidents are either true or plausible, and whose real contribution to history is not inappropriate for one whose life was so much a legend. "Cagliostro, the Last of the Sorcercers," by Frank King, appeared in England in 1929; Brentano published "Cagliostro," a full-length biography showing "the splendor and misery of a master of magic," as well as "Cagliostro and Company," by Funck-Brentano, described as "a sequel to the story of the Diamond Necklace"; the former is out of print. It is by this novel, Alexandre Dumas's "The Queen's Necklace," that the adventurer is generally known to the public; it is published separately or in the series to which it belongs, "The Marie Antoinette Romances," by Little, Brown. "Cagliostro and His Egyptian Rites of Freemasonry" is a pamphlet published by Supreme Council, 1733 16th St., N.W., Washington. A novel by T. A. James was published in 1838, "Count Cagliostro: A Tale of the Reign of Louis XIV," whose wings may be slight but which is preserved like a fly in the amber of the British Museum's reading room.

Upstairs in this hospitable building, however, one may find relics of a sorcerer who interests me far more than Cagliostro. This is the white witch Doctor Dee, the favorite fortune-teller and general spellmaker of Elizabeth's day. Some time after we returned to New York from Mortlake I found that the old house in which we lived—the one from whose tea-table in the garden one could toss buns to the swans, ungrateful beasts—was either on the site of Dr. Dee's house or very near it, and that it was against the wall of Mortlake Churchyard, just over the way, that he had placed his famous black mirror for the Queen to look into the future, she stopping in for the purpose on her way home from hunting in Richmond. He seems to have been a kind and honest creature, believing in his mirror and drawing a fearful joy rather than an extensive profit from its use, so when in an old bound volume of an obscure literary review I found the statement that the mirror was in the British Museum, I naturally asked the guardian in the box at the door where it might now be found. It is in the Medieval Room of the New Wing, away behind the beyond, and even the custodian of the section had no idea it was there; indeed the black mirror is not, the "shewstone" on view being the equally famous crystal. It is surrounded by discs of wax—not unlike the pads provided in German biergärten for the reception of glasses—engraved with mazes of cabalistic signs and meant to be placed like insulators under the legs of the table on which the crystal was laid for use. Even so arranged, all I could see in it was what anyone could see; perhaps now you know where it is you can peer through the glass of the case and get a glimpse of Queen Elizabeth. Nearby is a pathetic little ring of Mrs. Browning's, just about big enough for a four-year-old child: one might ask what it is doing in a Medieval Room, but it is not incongruous: she had a weakness for white witches and friendly ghosts.

C. S., Baltimore, Md., is professionally interested (for reasons not unconnected with the late unpleasantness in Wall Street) in books dealing with the psychology of crowds, with special reference to hope, fear, and greed.

IT may be assumed that this inquirer has read "The Stock Market Crash and After," by Irving Fisher (Macmillan), "Common Stocks and the Average Man," by J. George Frederick (Business Bourse), and "If You Must Speculate, Learn the Rules," by F. J. Williams (Knopf), by whose aid a number of horseless citizens have learned how to lock the stable door.

Crowd psychology as such is most often studied in relation to war panics and the fear of free speech, but as fears and panics from whatever cause have much in common, there is room on such a list as this for "The Crowd," by Gustav LeBon (Macmillan), E. D. Martin's "The Behavior of Crowds" (Harper), Trotter's "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War" (revised edition, Macmillan), "The Public Mind," by Norman Angell (Dutton), and a pamphlet, "Mob Mind vs. Civil Liberty," sold for ten cents by the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. The latest attack on "mass thinking" and mass-production, especially of books, ideas, and emotions, is "King Mob," by someone who prefers to conceal a well-known name under "Frank K. Notch" (Harcourt, Brace). This book snaps and fizzes; one need not agree with all of it to be sharply moved to agreement with some of it.

"Crystallizing Public Opinion," by Edward Bernays (Liveright), and his "Propaganda" (Liveright) are the work of a famous specialist. A sideroad leads away from this list into books about newspaper propaganda in the war. On the other hand, there is Walter Lippman's "Public Opinion" (Macmillan).

If you don't worry, says a cynical adviser, you will go to the poorhouse; if you do, to the lunatic asylum. Possibly enrolment in both institutions gained by recent events in Wall Street; anyway, terror of the former figures in a number of the books on the conquest of fear. These include "Dreads and Besetting Fears," by J. A. Williams (Little, Brown), which analyzes various types and shows how they may be controlled; "Our Fear Complexes," by Williams and Hoag (Bobbs-Merrill), good for personal use against worrying, and another helpful work of the same sort by W. S. Walsh, "The Mastery of Fear" (Dutton). Morse's "Psychology and Neurology of Fear (Stechert) and Rixon and Matthews's "Anxiety Hysteria" (Hoeber) might be added, with "Fear" (Macmillan) the book by which John Rathbone Oliver, the author who lately grazed the edge of the Pulitzer Prize, made his début. I could name not a few novels in which it is the determining emotion, at one extreme Henry Bordeaux's "The Fear of Living" (Dutton), in which it is an indisposition to incur responsibilfty, to the shuddering suspense of Carco's "The Haunted Man," Arthur Train has a story of speculation, "Paper Profits" (Liveright), and Alan Sullivan's "A Little Way Ahead" (Dutton) is about a clerk whose clairvoyant—or is it prevoyant?—sense of the future gives him a deadly advantage on the stock market. These are recent, but a good while ago I read an English translation of Mathilde Serao's "Land of Cockaigne" which gave me a shivering sense of taking part in a wholesale lottery craze—one may watch a whole community swept by waves of hope and despair.

C. M. G., Boulder, Colo., asks if anything has been written about the strolling player in the history of the English novel.

FAR be it from me to say that no doctorate dissertation has been prepared on this subject, but so far as I can discover, it has not reached the public through the regular channels of the book-trade. One could of course pick up players along the course of the nineteenth century novel, enriched as this was by the deathless Crummleses in "Nickleby" and the beautiful but dumb Fotheringay in "Pendennis"; not to speak of lesser theatrical lights twinkling in "Sketches by Boz." The classic English example of a play within a play is provided by the strolling players in "Hamlet," if that is of any use to this inquirer. One could, of course, spend hours over the two volumes of E. K. Hambers's standard work, "The Mediæval Stage" (Oxford), or such scholarly examinations of the past as "Organization and Personnel of the Shakespearean Company," by J. W. Baldwin (Princeton University Press), or get indirect light from Germany through the barnstormers in "Wilhelm Meister."

One of our best recent novels is concerned with strolling players, "The Good Companions," by J. B. Priestley (Harper) which keeps up an unforced smile over more pages than one would have believed it possible—it is so much harder to keep a reader steadily smiling for a prolonged period than sinking steadily into gloom. Mr. Priestley's story gathers a "concert party" from the corners of England and shows them not only in action but on the move. Sarah Salt's "Joy is My Name" (Brewer & Warren) begins on the road with a sickeningly real traveling company struggling for existence. Patrick Hamilton's "Twopence Coloured" (Little, Brown), an excellent novel of the minor British stage, brings a company into Hammersmith on the edge of London, to the theater where I saw the most determined road company in the world, the one that has given Gilbert and Sullivan with scarcely a break since "Pinafore" began, packing the house every night for a week with these enchanting entertainments. (Dr. Goldberg's "Story of Gilbert and Sullivan" [Simon & Schuster] might be used as collateral evidence in this case.) The heroine of Sophia Cleugh's "Song Bird" (Houghton Mifflin) runs away from a traveling circus near Madrid. In Italy, I hear, traveling companies are now this summer going about in a modern equivalent of the car of Thespis, the original actor, giving plays of high literary distinction, d'Annunzio and Pirandello, for instance, to the populace in remoter districts. Now that I have edged all around this subject without touching it, perhaps someone can send the title of a book straight to the heart of the matter.

H. W. C., Terre Haute, Ind., says that he is an exceedingly slow reader who wishes to read at least ten times as much as he has time for; can I recommend something to speed up the regular method?

YES, I can name "The Art of Rapid Reading," by Walter Pitkin (McGraw-Hill), a practical manual of advice; it is new, based on experience and experiments, and will no doubt expedite the process for many readers. My own difficulty lies just the other way; I must struggle to develop a technique whereby I may slow down when I find that the book is going to be delightful. Who wants to whizz through "Emma" or "Marius the Epicurean" or "The Woman of Andros"? The only advantage in reading Robert Benchley rapidly is that I thus can read him twice. But I would do that anyway. It is a sad sight to see a rapid reader wistfully regarding how few pages are left. If I should be asked to describe my own method of rapid reading, it seems to be for the eye to strike the page in the middle and go both ways at once, up and down. This may sound impossible, but something very like it takes place when one is looking through an index, let us say, or along the pages of a large book for some word or sentence. For such purposes, of course, a dizzying speed may—indeed must—be acquired. For slowing down, the only way is to read aloud to one's self silently, and if that sounds crazy, all I can say is that certain writers must be thus read, and at a speed no greater than that of actual speech, if their distinctive melody and *tempo* are to be taken in. Unless with all our obligatory rapid reading we develop the power and the desire sometimes to read slowly, prose style stands a chance of complete disappearance, even from its last stronghold, the essay.

J. M. London, England, tells A. T., Lynchburg, Va., who is planning a study-course of the Nobel prize-winners, that it should include two books by Carl Spitteler, "Laughing Truths" (Putnam), a volume of essays to which in reviews by eminent British critics adjectives such as resolute, vigorous, alert, combative, have been admiringly applied, and "Selected Poems" (Macmillan). The former is translated by James F. Muirhead, the latter by Mr. Muirhead and Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, author of "Byron" and "The Life of Lady Byron"; the introductions by Mr. Muirhead contain biographical information. Spitteler is clearly a prophet honored in his own country: the government of Switzerland is preparing a complete National Edition of his works, with a long biography. There is but one other book of his in English, and that is now out of print; "Two Little Misogynists" (Holt), translated by Mme. La Roquette-Buisson, an American.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1211)

the name of Lope has generally made the superficial reader of biography consider a story of this extraordinary genius a repository for scandals of all kinds.

Here and there the author of this narrative has succumbed to this temptation, embroidering an unconvincing tale with salacious phrases and enlivening the dialogue with up-to-date slangy exchanges of wit. These latter may have been intended to buoy up the narrative and thus float a Spanish scene most difficult to paint with verisimilitude and sustained interest. The intelligent reader has a right to expect in the portraiture of Spain's greatest and most versatile playwright a more deeply conceived, a less frothy image. As a matter of fact, the author seemed to lack sufficient material even for an imaginary biography, and so we have such padding as tavern scenes, night club dancing, the story of the Invincible Armada, and a description taken from that happiest of hunting grounds by all those who wish to give us thick local color, the Spanish Inquisition. There have been similar attempts to write imaginary biographies of Cervantes, but even these have not survived their own day. The reader does not, of course, demand absolute truth and accuracy, whether historical or otherwise, but the spirit, the atmosphere, the customs of one people or of one age cannot be successfully adulterated with an infusion of the vernacular and the unrelated manners of a society living three hundred years later. The book is well printed and adorned with a number of illustrations, but they are somewhat hazily reproduced and have on the whole too little connection with Lope de Vega.

ELLA CINDERS IN HOLLYWOOD. By *Bill Conselman*. Stratford. $2.50.

STRANGE PURSUIT. By *Patrick Wynton*. Lippincott. $2.

THE BREAK OF DAY. By *Basil King*. Harpers. $2.

Foreign

LA GUERRA E LE CLASSI RURALI ITALIANE. By *A. Serpieri*. Bari: Latesza (Yale University Press).

DEUTSCHE ROHSTOFFWIRTHSCHAFT IM WELTKRIEG. By *Otto Goebel*. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt (Yale University Press).

RUSSIA. By HENRI BARBUSSE. Paris: Flammarion.

DIE DICHTUNG DER ERSTEN DEUTSCHEN REVOLUTION. By *Elfriede Underberg*. Leipzig: Reclam.

Miscellaneous

EXPLORING FOR PLANTS. By DAVID FAIRCHILD. Macmillan. 1930. $5.

Indefatigable, scientific, and curious, with a boyish enthusiasm for strange things, Dr. David Fairchild of the Department of Agriculture is one of the few unpublicized American explorers. It may very well be that when the mangosteen has become as popular as the grapefruit, when boabab soup takes its place on Campbell's lists and bamboo shoots are found on every cafeteria platter he will come into his own, but we doubt it. He describes places and things too accurately. If he goes into raptures about the overwhelming beauty of Moorish architecture, he is quite as quick to tell of the illiterate, licentious populace that infests the rabbit-warrens of Fez. His eye catches the picture when Lanzarote, black and forbidding, comes into view—a picture that might have been painted by Gustave Doré—but immediately he begins to wonder how people can live, breed, work, and die in this God-forsaken place.

This book concerns his adventures on a four-year search for all sorts of new plant life which might possibly be introduced into the United States, adventures which took him through Western Europe, Algeria, Morocco, the Canary and Balearic Islands, Ceylon, Java, and West Africa. He is at home in all of these places and is acquainted with every scientist of note from Paris to the nether tip of Java.

Places are described minutely, as are the climate, geography, living conditions of the people, and accommodations for the traveler. He calls trees, shrubs, flowers, and grasses by their popular and scientific names. And it is no dull recitation of Latin nouns and adjectives, either. Unconsciously, you find yourself waxing enthusiastic over the discovery of some new grass for goats or lamenting the fact that Mussulmen won't eat rye. Many of his anecdotes of persons, too, are piquant and vivid. Indeed this is a book packed with interest.

A GERMAN-ENGLISH TECHNICAL AND SCIENTIFIC DICTIONARY. By *A. Webel*. $10.50.

FACING THE ISSUE SQUARELY. By *Robert C. Hall*. Putnam. $1.75.

HARVEST AND HIGHLANDS. Middle West Utilities Co.

THE LITTLE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH. Compiled by *George Ostler*. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

PUBLIC WELFARE ADMINISTRATION IN CANADA. By *Margaret Kirkpatrick Strong*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

CANADIAN PENAL INSTITUTIONS. By *C. W. Topping*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

INVESTMENT FUNDAMENTALS. By *Roger W. Babson*. Harpers. $3.

THE LAND AND THE PEASANT IN RUMANIA. By *David Mitrany*. Oxford University Press. $5.

THE WORLD'S AEROPLANES AND AIRSHIPS. By *G. Gibbard Jackson*. Lippincott. $2.50.

LAWN TENNIS. By *A. Wallis Myers*. Lippincott. $5.

AMERICAN HOUSING. By *Edith L. Allen*. Peoria, Ill.: Manual Arts Press. $2.

SATYRS AND WOMEN. By *Pierre Louys*. Covici-Friede. $15.

RUSSIAN AGRICULTURE DURING THE WAR. Yale University Press. $4.

COME ON TEXAS. By *Paul Schubert*. Cape-Smith. $3.

SPEAKING IN PUBLIC. By *Arthur Stevens Phelps*. Smith. $2 net.

CONTRACT BIDDING. By *George Reith*. Day.

AUCTION AND CONTRACT BRIDGE. By *Ada Campbell Kelley*. Day. $1.

Pamphlets

WALLSTREETIANA. By *Désiré Freystadt*. New York: D. Freystadt.

R. L. STEVENSON: A STUDY IN FRENCH INFLUENCE. By *Harriet Dorothea MacPherson*. New York: Institute of French Studies.

THE FLUTE IN THE FOREST. By *Mae Van Norman Long*. Hollywood: Shreve.

ONE BILLION WILD HORSES. By *Stuart Chase*. League for Industrial Democracy. 10 cents.

HOW AMERICA LIVES. By *Harry W. Laidler*. League for Industrial Democracy. 15 cents.

WORDSWORTH'S PLAN FOR HIS IMITATION OF JUVENAL. By *Una Venable Tuckerman*. Modern Language Notes.

THE NEW GROUND OF CRITICISM. By *V. F. Calverton*. University of Washington Chapbook.

NAMING DAY IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By *Edward Godfrey Cox*. University of Washington Chapbook.

MODERN FARMING-SOVIET STYLE. By *Anna Louise Strong*. International.

WAR IN THE FAR EAST. By *Henry Hall*. International.

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Autograph Collecting

WORD SHADOWS OF THE GREAT. By THOMAS F. MADIGAN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

THE subtitle of this book is "The Lure of Autograph Collecting," and after reading these vivid and informed pages nobody will doubt its accuracy. Mr. Madigan is renowned throughout two continents as a dealer in autographs, and he has drawn upon his experience of over twenty years to give us his ripe knowledge and matured opinion on almost every aspect of this engrossing hobby. He carries his learning lightly in an agreeable style, and his work will be enjoyed, not alone by collectors, but by many who are simply interested in the romance of famous names and in the memorials of the great.

The chapters dealing with the autographs of celebrated Americans, men of the colonial era, soldiers of the Revolution, signers of the Declaration of Independence, Presidents of the Republic, figures of the Civil War, literary lights of the nineteenth century, are especially valuable, because Americans, very properly, are being attracted more and more toward their own history. Mr. Madigan has all sorts of curious facts to tell us. Who for instance would have guessed that a letter of President Harding in his own hand from the White House is one of the most valuable of Presidential autographs, that the autograph of the minor poet, Joseph Rodman Drake, who died in 1820 at the age of twenty-five, is probably the rarest of American literary autographs, or that of the two practically unobtainable signers, Thomas Lynch and Button Gwinnett, the autograph of the former is the scarcer but the autograph of the latter the more valuable? But even though a letter of Gwinnett's has fetched $50,000 at auction, that frantic figure (due entirely to the passion for completeness which inspires the collector who is forming a set of the signers) pales into insignificance beside the $200,000 for which the present owner of the manuscript of Poe's "Raven" has insured it. But then a letter by Poe, whose letters are not desperately rare, has brought $19,500 at auction, so perhaps the previous figure is not so incredible.

Crossing the ocean, who would believe that the autographs of some of the canonized Saints of the Middle Ages are still extant? But they are, and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago owns a fine collection of them. As for Popes, Mr. Madigan says that they constitute "the oldest perpetuating line of autographs," and he himself owns a document signed by Pope Lucius III in 1182. It would be strange to hear what is the most ancient Papal signature in the archives of the Vatican.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Madigan through his investigation of the autographs of European celebrities, but before ending this review a word should be added as to the help his book gives on the subject of forgery detection. The autograph collector, like the book collector, has to be constantly on the alert against the faker. Mr. Madigan's advice is sound and he gives an amusing account of Robert Spring (whose own autograph, ironically enough, is now a rarity), who took infinite pains in the forgery of Washington documents. Spring died in 1876, but his forgeries, as Mr. Madigan says, "go marching on."

And still one more word must be said as to the appearance of the book. It is very handsomely produced and its many full page illustrations add enormously to its attraction even if at the same time, they tend to excite vain envy in a collector's heart.

Brander Matthews, who died March 31, 1929, left his collection of autographs, valued at $17,103, to Columbia University. Included in this collection were 341 communications, letters, notes, and postcards from Theodore Roosevelt. Professor Matthews also left Columbia University one half of his residuary estate, included in which are all the royalties brought in by his books.

A Literary Controversy

HEARN AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS: the Record of a Literary Controversy. By OSCAR LEWIS. San Francisco: The Westgate Press. 1930. $15.

IT is as well, no doubt, to be quite frank about every scandal that may enter into the life of a man who attracts public attention—public attention is so unexpected and so variable that its victims seldom realize their position until there is nothing to be done. Lafcadio Hearn died in September, 1904, and twenty-six years later, a generation that thinks of him chiefly as a quaint person who became a Japanese citizen, and taught in a Japanese university, is suddenly plunged into the midst of a discussion of his biographers, and of their treatment of certain incidents in his life that were neither edifying nor interesting. He was not a great lover; he never seemed to accept the consequences of his most irrational acts, and he fought with every one; it may be questioned if even the late Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter could have presented him to her public as a model of sweetness and domestic delight. Mr. Oscar Lewis has reviewed in the present volume the first three books written about him after his death, explained the circumstances surrounding their publication with a great deal of clearness and of painstaking labor, and has printed, for the first time, several letters from Hearn to Mr. Joseph S. Tunison. Hearn collectors will be grateful for the fact that the fifteen pages containing these letters have not been brought out separately—with lovely typography—at a price that would cause several worthy Albanian brigands to blush with shame at the modesty of their own demands. Exactly what purpose is served by discussing Hearn's early "marriage" to a Cincinnati negress is not clear—if it had influenced his writing, or his character as his writing reveals it, there might be an understandable reason, but apparently he seldom concerned himself with individuals unless they annoyed him. According to a cast of characters given on page twenty, two of his biographers—Miss Bisland and Dr. Gould—are dead, and with them, presumably, have been forgotten comfortably the controversies caused by their books. Lafcadio Hearn's chief association continues to be with Japan, in spite of a few vigorous efforts during the last five years to alter such a condition of affairs. Obviously, it would be better to think of him, and of Walt Whitman, in terms of their literary achievements without poking too inquisitively into their lives—respectability may not add a romantic fervor to an author's life, but at least it protects his reputation after his death from the revelations of scholarly investigation. C. M. T.

Catalogues and Prices

IT must, by this time, be fairly obvious, even to optimistic believers in the theory of constantly rising prices, that the past season has been rather horrible: a few books have established new records for themselves, but a far larger number have remained quietly where they belonged in spite of vigorous efforts to push them into positions of importance. There has been almost an atmosphere of bargain sales, for although genuinely rare books have not gone down, the standard of values for others more easily found has undergone no absurd, sensational change. Collectors, perhaps, have commenced to acquire knowledge and commonsense; they may even have begun to question in their own minds the authority of dealers as price makers. An extreme instance appeared in the case of a young man pursuing Robinson Jeffers; for months he made miserable the lives of several kindly persons in the library nearest him by incessant questions regarding the prices he ought to pay for the works of his idol. Auction records, dealers' catalogues, publishers' catalogues, were all brought out until it became quite apparent that he was interested only in the amount of money he would have to spend—it was enthusiasm cooled by an overdraught of financial prudence. Just how

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book collecting has managed to retain its faith and innocence for so long, and escape the intrusion of modernism, no one knows; the sublime confidence with which any printed statement of value has always been accepted would have done credit to an inhabitant of France in the twelfth century, listening piously to the advice of his spiritual director. Collectors at present might well cultivate an attitude of scepticism: it would do no harm for them occasionally to use their minds.

In the group of dealers' catalogues that have appeared within the last few weeks, only one seems to belong to the Jerome Kern era: headed "Literary Treasures," and coming from Major Hartley Clark (West Chiltington, Pulborough, Sussex), whose avowed motto is "Fine Books in fine state are worth fine prices; damaged and soiled copies, however cheap, are expensive," it lists excellent things rather too emphatically, and for the most part charges just enough to make the entire collection too high priced. The contrast between this and Mr. Arthur Rogers's "Clearance Catalogue," in which, as he admits engagingly, "collectors will find many cheap books," is enormous; Mr. Rogers, whose books are invariably interesting, displays his extraordinary attitude of mind by hoping that his readers will "find pleasure in his bargains," a wish that apparently expresses his sincere feeling. As their final contribution before the inertia of summer sets in, Messrs. Maggs have done "The Art of Writing—2800 B.C. to 1930 A.D. Illustrated in a collection of original documents written on vellum, paper, papyrus, silk, linen, bamboo, or inscribed on clay, marble steatite, jasper, haematite, matrix of emerald, and chalcedony. Exhibiting forty styles of scripts in the languages of Europe, Asia, and Africa." This catalogue is overpowering: it is beautifully illustrated, and annotated with such a display of scholarship that one suspects all the authorities of Oxford and the British Museum of collaborating in order to produce it. Apart from the two American lists (even simpler, of course, affairs), The Argus Book Shop (, 3 North Dearborn Street, Chicago) has issued a check-list of English and American authors (with selections from the various private presses) that is interesting, although not especially unusual. The James F. Drake catalogue commences with this note: "In this, our last catalogue of the season, we list a selection . . . of modern English and American first editions. . . . The recent trend has been towards the collecting of the outstanding books of each particular author. This has caused the comparative neglect of many very worthy volumes. If the present manner of collecting continues to be the fashion, other titles will have to be brought to the attention of collectors. It is among these temporarily forgotten books that many of them will without doubt be found. The field is open to every collector of first editions, and with the hope that many . . . will be benefited thereby, we issue the present catalogue." It is sufficient to remark that Mr. Drake has most successfully lived up to the promise implied in his introduction: his catalogue is excellent.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby and Company, London. July 24th: Six Early Printed Books, the property of a nobleman resident in South Germany. The six are: Gulielmus Durandus "Rationale," Mainz, Johann Fust and Peter Schoeffer, 6 October, 1459, usually regarded as the third book printed with a date; Cicero "De Officiis et Paradoxa," Mainz, Johann Fust and Peter Schoeffer, 1465, the second classic to be printed, and, with the "Lactantius" of Subiaco, the first book in which Greek type was used; Lucius Apuleius "Opera" (edited by Joannes Andreæ, Bishop of Aleria), Rome, Sweynheym and Pannartz, 28 February, 1469; Hieronymus "Epistolæ," 2 volumes printed on vellum, Mainz, Peter Schoeffer, 7 September, 1470; Seneca "Opera Moralia et Epistolæ," Naples, Matthias of Olmütz, 1475; and Orosius "Histories (Seneque des Motz Dorez)," Paris, Pierre Le Rouge for A. Vérard, 21 August, 1491.

Three other sales have taken place at Sotheby's this month. The first five days of July were devoted to the sale of the contents of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, the home of the late James H. Ismay: everything imaginable appeared from Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton furniture to the sheets and bolsters in the gardener's cottage. It would have seemed easier to hold such an auction sale at the house. On July 7th, 8th, and 9th, books from several English libraries, including a collection of Byron's works in their original condition and a presentation copy of Carlyle's "On Heroes, Hero-Worship," 1841, were sold. Selected portions of two libraries, the properties of John E. Hannigan, of Boston, Massachusetts, and a "Gentleman," were sold on the 14th and 15th—the chief items were a Second Folio Shakespeare and an unusually good collection of the novels, poems, and translations of Sir Walter Scott, which included "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" in the original boards.

G. M. T.

"While, with regard to certain printed books," says the *London Times Book Supplement*, "the prices at Sotheby's four days' sale last week were 'chastened,' yet the total worked out at the substantial one of £20,807. An exceedingly fine series of twenty-one Dickens letters, ranging in date from 1836 to 1865, all containing important references to his books, and clearly collected for that reason, brought £2,467 altogether. Nearly all were bought by Mr. Walter Hill, the Chicago bookseller, though the most important one of all was bought by Mr. J. F. Drake, of New York, for £400. It was on four closely written octavo pages, February 1, 1861, and was addressed to M. W. F. de Cerjat, Lausanne; in it he writes of *All the Year Round* 'doing gloriously,' and of 'Great Expectations' as 'a great success'; but it is further interesting in that it also refers to the American Civil War: 'I venture to predict that the struggle of violence will be a short one and will soon be succeeded by some new compact between the Northern and Southern States.' The letter is printed in Macmillan's 'Letters of Charles Dickens.' A letter of two pages octavo, May 1, 1855, to a correspondent whose name does not appear to be known, and containing a paragraph from 'David Copperfield' describing Betsy Trotwood Copperfield as being 'for ever in the land of dreams and shadows,' sold for £290. One to George Cattermole, December 20, 1842, in which he expresses himself as 'greatly charmed' with that artist's designs for 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' £220. One to W. H. Prescott, the historian, October 15, 1842, in which he mentions that Longfellow is staying with him, and that he is sending a copy of his 'American Notes'—'I have no fear but they will find favor in your eyes, though they may not in those of the mass,' £135. The earliest in point of date was written probably in 1836 to Richard Bentley, the publisher, directing him to refuse the *Miscellany* and advertisement which Macrone may send of 'Gabriel Vardon'; the letter fetched £125, but who or what, it may be asked, was 'Gabriel Vardon'? In another letter, February 10, 1844, to his friend and solicitor, Thomas Mitton, he refers to the piracies of his work—'I can easily conceive the possibility of its being an advantage to us, and certainly a position of dignity, to be able to declare that I have never seen their effusions. . . . It is no use to falter with such rascals. Mr. Blanchard's name is not Laman at all. He was christened Edward Lyt, and is [a] desperate bad character.' "

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A week ago today this column discussed *The Inner Sanctum's* new publishing venture—new fiction at one dollar. Judging by the response, the N. P. V. is in, and In a big way.

Never have the readers of this column (sometimes affectionately referred to as Both) responded in so overwhelming a fashion. The mail has been heavy with quarters enclosed in request of advance copies of *I Am Jonathan Scrivener*.

Very possibly the 25 cent offer induced the inundation. The staff mathematician, however, has estimated that at the retail price of one dollar the response would be one fourth as great, which he adds would bring joy to the hearts of the printers and binders.

The sample copies are now on their way and Your Correspondents are awaiting 250 verdicts, tabulation of which will begin in this space next Thursday.

While *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* is being devoured by precisely 250 energetic quarter-owners, and while they are exercising their minds on the most unconventional mystery story ever written, our readers may wish to employ their own in trying to guess the titles and authors of the seven remaining *Inner Sanctum Dollar Novels*.

1 *Most catastrophic and sensational of them is a novel written by a forty year old lawyer. It will be published on August 17th, precisely five years before the day on which the action of the book begins. Its theme is at once simple and terrifying. What would happen to the world if, on a given date, human fertility ceased? One reader, who finished this book in Riverside Park, found herself dazed, fascinated and quite unable to believe in the reality of the baby carriages passing before her eyes,*

2 *Less cataclysmic but not, it may be, less powerful, is a novel of love as practised on the Alaskan tundras, the work of a noted American writer whose previous book was a* Book-Of-The-Month Club *Selection. At this early date, Your Correspondents will say nothing about this novel except that it is Beautiful and that it is Different.*

3 *Last year a French novelist whose name was unknown to this country worked the enthusiasm of critics with a solid, Balzacian family novel. His new book will surprise readers. It is not Balzacian, it is not realistic: it is passionate, colorful, savage; and it has for its background the little Nestorian villages and the implacable rocky plateaus of Kurdistan in Asia Minor. In its pages is one of the strangest love stories ever told.*

4 *Over one hundred thousand people (the American public won't read animal books) have to date enjoyed a certain story of a deer by a now world-famous Viennese author. His new work is a woodland idyl in much the same manner and with the same unique fragrance and freshness, except that it deals with rabbits instead of deer*

5 *Another dweller on the banks of the Danube will be represented by a novel which recounts the last imaginary adventure of the world's most famous amorist. Figure that one out.*

6 *The Face With the Dead Cigar is what they call him in the trade He used to be a greeting-card motto writer and has since abandoned Home and Mother to become a humorist. His new book takes the gentle reader by the hand and brutally tears away the veil which has hidden from public gaze the truth about the greeting-card business. . . .*

7 *Finally something rather smart, rather naughty, rather sentimental, rather French and rather Jewish: a novel that dares to treat the theme of interracial love (not marriage, by the way) humorously and tenderly, instead of Significantly.*

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THE PHOENIX NEST

OUR own *May Lamberton Becker* writes from England that the headquarters of her department remains Chelsea for the summer. She adds:

Motored to Hastings on Midsummer Eve: light until 10:30 and not dark after that: haying everywhere, elder in bloom. Next day was a kibitzer at a sheep-shearing, playing hooky from the Advertising Convention.

The death is announced, at the age of 36, of *Gordon King*. Mr. King was the author of "Horatio's Story," a novel, and "The Ostriches," a play privately printed. He also edited "Herodotus" for children's reading. Another book is to appear shortly, "The Rise of Rome," and he had also just completed a fantasia for children, "A Trip to the Moon," for which Vally Weifelthier made the pictures. Mr. King was also a contributor to newspapers and magazines. He was a graduate of Harvard and a Lieutenant during the War. . . .

Well, the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes is no longer with us, and a loss that comes home to us with even greater immediacy is that of *Grant Overton*, the genial and gentle critic of contemporary literature, the writer on *Walt Whitman*, the encourager of youth, the talented novelist, the astute editorial adviser. We can hardly believe that Grant is gone. Every once in a while we would run across him again at some gathering and always take up the conversation as easily as we had before. There was what we can only call a "spiritual" aspect to Grant that is sufficiently rare among folk. One always felt the tremor of the flame of the ideal in him. He is one of the people we are going to miss. . . .

We have rarely come across such a mess of verse as has been scrambled together in Book Three of *Grady* and *Klapper's* "Reading for Appreciation" (Scribner.) We will pass over the prose, but really,—the poetry! Some good poets are included, but represented, almost all of them, by inferior work. Imagine picking "God's World" (How long, Oh Lord, how long!) and "My Heart, Being Hungry" from *Vincent Millay*, when her superb things were close at hand. Imagine taking "A Winter Ride" from *Amy Lowell*, one of the most amateurish and negligible items ever produced by a distinguished writer. Imagine wasting the reader's time with "The Tears of Harlequin," by *Theodosia Garrison*, "The Homeland," by *Dana Burnet*, "Work: A Song of Triumph," by *Angela Morgan*, "An Angler's Wish," by *Henry Van Dyke*, "Our Lady of the Twilight," by *Alfred Noyes*, and so on; all verses that almost any child of twelve years old could write with his left hand in the dark. Dear Boys and Girls, if this is instruction make the most of it and get it over with and go on toward the realm of literature. Literature is something very different. And you can't get acquainted with it too soon. . . .

Oh, we are sorry we got peevish, but when one thinks of the really distinguished writing in the world why should our children be fed on pap! We mean no disrespect to the writers mentioned. They would be the first to say that their best work had not been chosen, that their most feeble and stereotyped moments had been represented. What is the good of perpetuating such juvenilia? . . .

Literature is a difficult essay, a noble onslaught that demands everything of the writer, everything of the reader. It is an athletic occupation, a fiery charge, it needs sinew, endless patience, infinite desire to acquire well-nigh incredible skill,—it bespeaks such a lust for the complete possession of exact language as is generally alien to human desires. Its triumphs are beyond all others difficult. . . .

Oh, what's the use! . . .

Oh, such poetry reminds us of *Ring Lardner's* story "Nora" where Moon begins to sing:

In sunny Italy,
My Spanish queen,
You'll fit so prettily
In that glorious scene.
You will sing me "La Paloma"
I will sing you "Cara Roma"
We will build a little home, a
Bungalow serene.
Then in the Pyrenees,
Somewhere in Spain,
We'll rest our weary knees
Down in Lovers' Lane,
And when the breakers roll a-
Cross the azure sea,
Española, Gorgonzola;
Spain and Italy.

One of the wittiest books of the time is "The Triumphant Footman," by *Edith Olivier*, brought out over here by the Viking Press. She calls it "A Farcical Fable." It is a great deal more than that. . . .

Vachel Lindsay who now lives on South Fifth Street, Springfield, Illinois, his old home town, and *Lincoln's*, has been interesting himself in Springfield's water supply in Lake Springfield. The lake to be created will be worthy of the state capital and Springfield is now sure not to be overlooked among the prominent cities of the Mississippi Valley. . . .

Lola Ridge, *William Seagle*, *Newton Arvin*, and *Genevieve Taggard* are among those present at Yaddo this month, the *Trask* estate at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. . . .

Dorothy Parker's hunch that thirteen would be her lucky number has proved correct. She published her collection of thirteen stories and sketches on Friday, June 13th, called it "Laments for the Living," and immediately departed for Europe to await results. Meanwhile the Viking Press has announced four printings within two weeks of publication. It looks as though her prose were going to outsell even her poetry, which is saying a lot. . . .

Ernestine Evans has become Associate Editor of the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, but she will have an office in New York. She is an authority on children's books, has been connected for a number of years with the New York *Herald Tribune*, *Christian Science Monitor*, London *Chronicle*, and other papers, and was for two years editorial adviser to Coward McCann, Inc. . . .

W. R. Burnett, whose first two novels, "Little Cæsar" and "Iron Man," were book club selections, is to have a third published the end of September by Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press. Its title will be "Saint Johnson" and it will concern the American Southwest fifty years ago. . . .

John Crowe Ransom recently delivered to his publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Company, the manuscript of his "God without Thunder," an unorthodox defense of orthodoxy. It is a sort of answer to *Mencken's* "Treatise on the Gods," only a good deal more than that. . . .

Of course there is "Our President *Herbert Hoover*," by *William J. Marsh, Jr.*, aged eleven. He started to set the book up and print it on an old press for which his father had paid fifty cents. He illustrated it with cuts salvaged from the "hell box" of the local newspaper. Now he has made an alliance with Doubleday, Doran "because they have bigger presses" . . . .

In September *George Sylvester Viereck* and *Paul Eldridge* will follow their "My First 2000 Years," the story of the Wandering Jew, with "Salome, the Wandering Jewess: My First 2000 Years of Love." . . .

The book will be published by Horace Liveright who is bringing out in October *Rose Macaulay's* "Staying with Relations," her new novel. It is pretty certain to be as brilliant as her former ones. . . .

In its issue of July 5th *The Editor* has been kind enough to invite us to Book Hill for a week-end. The invitation is extended by *The Editor's* columnist, "Clipper." He can glance out of the window of his office into the deep woods or raise his eyes a little higher to the hills, whereas we haven't even a window to glance out of. Perhaps we'll take him up on that invitation, if we ever get the time. . . .

V. F. Calverton has joined the staff of Richard R. Smith in a general advisory capacity. While severing his former publishing relations he will retain his present position with the Book League of America. . . .

In commemoration of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of *Virgil* (October 15th, 70 B.C.—and that's accuracy for you!) Scribner is publishing a bi-millenial edition of the notable English translation of Virgil's "Aeneid" by *Harlan Hoge Ballard*. . . .

'Bye! THE PHOENICIAN.

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